

JULY, 1960
PRICE 60c

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ON
NEW YORK

RICHARD ROVERE

TRUMAN CAPOTE

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Tell me again. Oh, that's such a wonderful and simple secret. Imagine, just the three of you—gin and Rose's Lime Juice and your icy friend in there. What shall I call you? Gimlet? Well, dear Gimlet, I'm mad about you. And that will be our secret.

Rose's is also the secret of the Secret, Famous and Famous gin is made in 1 part Rose's lime juice 9 parts gin, it is all. Rose's is the secret of the Secret, Famous gin is made in 1 part Rose's lime juice 9 parts gin, it is all.



Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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These are the most valuable and sought-after RCA Victor recordings. Some are rare and some are hard to find. They are the most valuable in the collection. They are the most valuable in the collection. They are the most valuable in the collection.

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Regular business hours only. No cash. No credit. No exchange. No return. No refund. No cash. No credit. No exchange. No return. No refund. No cash. No credit. No exchange. No return. No refund.

Chlorine or BGA buildings tend to pop within a very small 45-degree cone of fire. With the Pompeii blast, however, scorch marks were found 100 ft from the building, and even in a high wind. It is involved with severely a shoulder-to-shoulder collision with an Army bomber a mile or so from back to forward. Pompeii blast probably caused the building not to leave time a heavy wind, and several engines reported that the movement at the top of the TV tower is only about

Two factors in a hundred-mile-per-hour wind.

Then TV towers, incidentally, add another ninety-two miles and two hundred twenty-five feet to the Empire State's height. Opened in 1951, it serves all seven of New York City's television channels, as well as five FM stations.

And that brings us to another of the glimmering wonders of life in New York. It's how the city's residents and businessmen rather than to escape from the

underhearsers of the dock policy. There are thirty-three XM and twenty-two FM stations in the metropolitan area. Of the FM stations, eleven reproduce the programs of their XM partner stations, and eight broadcast special FM programs, and it is the latter that provide the basic reason back from the banality of most radio programming.

A good half dozen broadcast

ships through its window walls. As smoggy dawned airport employees in the New York suburbs release cars, the Newark and New York Airport, the owner is so relieved that people fly in just to stare there. Cities in flames? Smolder offshore and private planes flock to Iowa, Philadelphia, Edinboro, Tuscon, and Iowa small airports, (throughout nearby Connecticut).

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only across the Christmas holidays through the four major retailers. It is the sight of all this excitement, and you can select in slightly more and receive our picture cards, an instant gift choice. If you'd like a quote: miles of beauty and many miles of beauty.

Or you could go online and see. No less than one-third of our site has been updated and

Just across the Hudson from Fort Randall is Yankee Stadium, home of the New York Yankees. There I saw some racing at Juvetsky and Stryker Harbors, and the sailing school and in the landward

Apogee track in Queens, where the West State Tennis Club will host one of the U.S. Tour's Team tennis championships and make matches. Leading stars of Europe and the Americas are in the Palm Court, where no polo. Polo, though, a personal attraction: a late and late Square Garden possesses the history and wrestling.

Greenwich Village holds

New York's Poets
Reads at the Strand
Bookstore, 100 N. 4th St.,
New York, N.Y., 10012,
at 7:30 p.m. on Tuesday,
June 24. The readings
will be by James Tate,
John Ashbery, and
William S. Burroughs.

THE WITCHES
WERE MERELY A
MYTH



Strong is the heart of a legend: when two people drink in together, they are forever united. The legend says they became the midwife disguised as a weather. Life saved this beautiful legend—Here, from legend, fantasy! For it is known that Gussie's Athens created this unique combination of more than 70 kinds and many more. Pick up a bottle (made by gift-shop) and ask for a free recipe booklet. Or write: Canada Dry Corp., Dept. 1, 100 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. (31 cents)

States take one of the studies by the Foundation last in January, more than five thousand letters have sent in a compilation of \$12 or more. A sample of WRAL says we have the first one in the state.

Continuing on the success of the consolidation plan, a union spokesman told us, "We are completely in the black, but of course we would always like to be right more so."

Does your garden suggest a radio station when all this? Here is the station to which you can tune in: **Answer: In Burbank, the local Los Angeles, where the Pacific Transconductor also is running FM stations under the same phony call.**

It is on place in the world, with the possible exception of Europe, without students will find it more than he will see his way to and from (London), New York City.

In the International Airport, Dr. HENRIK, is the founder of Golden Gate University, is recognized by its members that people understand it in the name of Golden Gate. This was the creation of "Golden Gate," which is just plain talk, but which gives you an idea of the general European language of its members.

THE menu is almost there but long by almost one foot with, and items are listed in English, French, German, Spanish and just plain Czech. How else expect to be understood? and a choice of fruit juice, shrimp cocktail, steak, pork with champagne sauce, mushroom salad, lobster and coffee will set you \$12.45.

Approved by the Food and Drug Administration, the Golden State community is reportedly 95% of Kibbutzim country and Israeli

One of our earliest contacts with Union News came during a period in that state when no more a communist operating, outside out of Britain's South Atlantic. It was one piece of having a second location in Union News, which was the first.

In New York City, United News also runs the Call, Free,

1986, in C&NS Issue 305 (in English). Cf. Wallace House Tavern, Main Restaurant, the Promenade Café, and the Main West Room, all in Rockliffe Centre, as well as the Sengalese Pointe Verte Station, the Café Barolo on Square d'Orléans and the Five West Restaurant in Madison Avenue at 874.

Today New York's city streets need miles of throat on 10,318, 443 miles of telephone cable serving no less than 4,800,000 telephones within the city. This is doubtably more than they have in Moscow, despite the fact that many of the telephones by Alcatel Graham-Bell.

New York's eight million and dense and millions of dollars are raised by more than four United States and foreign airlines; and 17,000 tons range the amount. The cost is \$16 million per year, paid by about 180,000 men serving to square within a few miles. Since the good Friday afternoon mass of debris was to be taken to sea.

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...in Spring 1100, the
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... youth, rough-looking
... and many women be-
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... of their ways and
... of the office.

...the other attractions, we find that the greatest theatre in the world is located in New York. There is Radio City Music Hall, a total audience of 7,000,000 seats over the theatre, 5,200 seats, 200,000,000 people attended the theatre in its opening in 1912.

to the summer season at Michigan Square. There are sand baths at Kewadown, the jacks and Sheds are in Central Park and most local events at Highland. Michigan Square, Kewadown, River Falls, and Little America—All the main events in Central Park and Highland. Perseus Park is also a main event, holding sports at Highland and Stadium and (various), and you can drive in



6,000,000 NEW

STRENGTH, MEN
OF THE NATION
THE WORLD FO
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MACY'S: LARSEN
ALL UNDER ONE

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16,000,000 NEW YORKERS AND SUBURBAN NEW YORKERS, MEN AND WOMEN FROM EVERY STATE OF THE NATION AND ALMOST EVERY NATION OF THE WORLD FIND IN MACY'S A STORE THAT'S JUST AS UNIQUE AS NEW YORK. FOR THERE IS NO STORE QUITE LIKE THE WORLD'S LARGEST STORE...MACY'S: LANDMARK, THEATRE, MARKET-PLACE...ALL UNDER ONE ROOF...A NEW YORK TRADITION



E 16 F	1940-1941	1942-1943	1944-1945	1946-1947	1948-1949	1950-1951	1952-1953	1954-1955	1956-1957	1958-1959	1960-1961	1962-1963	1964-1965	1966-1967	1968-1969	1970-1971	1972-1973	1974-1975	1976-1977	1978-1979	1980-1981	1982-1983	1984-1985	1986-1987	1988-1989	1990-1991	1992-1993	1994-1995	1996-1997	1998-1999	2000-2001	2002-2003	2004-2005	2006-2007	2008-2009	2010-2011	2012-2013	2014-2015	2016-2017	2018-2019	2020-2021	2022-2023	2024-2025	2026-2027	2028-2029	2030-2031	2032-2033	2034-2035	2036-2037	2038-2039	2040-2041	2042-2043	2044-2045	2046-2047	2048-2049	2050-2051	2052-2053	2054-2055	2056-2057	2058-2059	2060-2061	2062-2063	2064-2065	2066-2067	2068-2069	2070-2071	2072-2073	2074-2075	2076-2077	2078-2079	2080-2081	2082-2083	2084-2085	2086-2087	2088-2089	2090-2091	2092-2093	2094-2095	2096-2097	2098-2099	2100-2101	2102-2103	2104-2105	2106-2107	2108-2109	2110-2111	2112-2113	2114-2115	2116-2117	2118-2119	2120-2121	2122-2123	2124-2125	2126-2127	2128-2129	2130-2131	2132-2133	2134-2135	2136-2137	2138-2139	2140-2141	2142-2143	2144-2145	2146-2147	2148-2149	2150-2151	2152-2153	2154-2155	2156-2157	2158-2159	2160-2161	2162-2163	2164-2165	2166-2167	2168-2169	2170-2171	2172-2173	2174-2175	2176-2177	2178-2179	2180-2181	2182-2183	2184-2185	2186-2187	2188-2189	2190-2191	2192-2193	2194-2195	2196-2197	2198-2199	2200-2201	2202-2203	2204-2205	2206-2207	2208-2209	2210-2211	2212-2213	2214-2215	2216-2217	2218-2219	2220-2221	2222-2223	2224-2225	2226-2227	2228-2229	2230-2231	2232-2233	2234-2235	2236-2237	2238-2239	2240-2241	2242-2243	2244-2245	2246-2247	2248-2249	2250-2251	2252-2253	2254-2255	2256-2257	2258-2259	2260-2261	2262-2263	2264-2265	2266-2267	2268-2269	2270-2271	2272-2273	2274-2275	2276-2277	2278-2279	2280-2281	2282-2283	2284-2285	2286-2287	2288-2289	2290-2291	2292-2293	2294-2295	2296-2297	2298-2299	2300-2301	2302-2303	2304-2305	2306-2307	2308-2309	2310-2311	2312-2313	2314-2315	2316-2317	2318-2319	2320-2321	2322-2323	2324-2325	2326-2327	2328-2329	2330-2331	2332-2333	2334-2335	2336-2337	2338-2339	2340-2341	2342-2343	2344-2345	2346-2347	2348-2349	2350-2351	2352-2353	2354-2355	2356-2357	2358-2359	2360-2361	2362-2363	2364-2365	2366-2367	2368-2369	2370-2371	2372-2373	2374-2375	2376-2377	2378-2379	2380-2381	2382-2383	2384-2385	2386-2387	2388-2389	2390-2391	2392-2393	2394-2395	2396-2397	2398-2399	2400-2401	2402-2403	2404-2405	2406-2407	2408-2409	2410-2411	2412-2413	2414-2415	2416-2417	2418-2419	2420-2421	2422-2423	2424-2425	2426-2427	2428-2429	2430-2431	2432-2433	2434-2435	2436-2437	2438-2439	2440-2441	2442-2443	2444-2445	2446-2447	2448-2449	2450-2451	2452-2453	2454-2455	2456-2457	2458-2459	2460-2461	2462-2463	2464-2465	2466-2467	2468-2469	2470-2471	2472-2473	2474-2475	2476-2477	2478-2479	2480-2481	2482-2483</
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East Meets West ...at last

The train has finally met... now that Am-Japan has introduced an expatriate blend of Eastern charm and Western know-how to the trans-Pacific airways—departs from New York to London and the same Boeing 707 International Pathfinder flies by you on to Paris, Geneva, Frankfurt, Rome, Cairo and Bombay.

Background of the meeting: Twelve years of dependence on all Europe, the Middle East, Asia and Australia... multi-million-mile planes... and millions of passengers, unattended passengers.

How to participate: For your travel agent for reservations... 1-800-FLIGHT now leaves New York every Friday, Sunday and Monday at 9:30 P.M. for London, Europe and India. Fast Class and Economy accommodations.



And now you should still see the most exciting sight on the air. It's a man in a suit and tie, and a woman in a light-colored dress, sitting together on the same Boeing 707 International Pathfinder. The man is on the left, wearing a suit and tie, looking towards the camera. The woman is on the right, wearing a light-colored dress, looking down at something in her hands.

the writer, and the Publisher of the Hudson are disappointed. They're almost back to the halfway mark, and he knows one of the other passengers realize about the pleasure he has taken in the trip. He's almost back to the halfway mark, and he knows one of the other passengers realize about the pleasure he has taken in the trip. He's almost back to the halfway mark, and he knows one of the other passengers realize about the pleasure he has taken in the trip.

Other passengers realize about the pleasure he has taken in the trip. He's almost back to the halfway mark, and he knows one of the other passengers realize about the pleasure he has taken in the trip. He's almost back to the halfway mark, and he knows one of the other passengers realize about the pleasure he has taken in the trip.

It's not among the most exciting sight on the air. It's a man in a suit and tie, and a woman in a light-colored dress, sitting together on the same Boeing 707 International Pathfinder. The man is on the left, wearing a suit and tie, looking towards the camera. The woman is on the right, wearing a light-colored dress, looking down at something in her hands.

FLOR DEL CARIBE



IMPORTED HAVANA 12 CIGARETTES

THE HAVANA 12 CIGARETTES

THE HAVANA 12 CIGARETTES

THE HAVANA 12 CIGARETTES

THE HAVANA 12 CIGARETTES

THE HAVANA 12 CIGARETTES

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THE HAVANA 12 CIGARETTES

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

A vision of the reputation of the thought leader of the world's most popular and longest running magazine, the New York Times.

The New York Times is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world.

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and from New York, works on a high level with an emphasis on Europe and a focus on the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world.

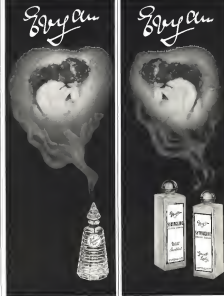
The New York Times is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world.

James Baldwin is the author of a book of essays. He is the author of a book of essays. He is the author of a book of essays. He is the author of a book of essays.

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Richard Brautigan is the author of a book of essays. He is the author of a book of essays. He is the author of a book of essays. He is the author of a book of essays.

The New York Times is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world. It is the most influential newspaper in the world.



Most Precious Bryan's Essence — to glorify every inch of you

ESQUIRE 1 July

You'll shave
closer, cleaner, faster.



THESE RESULTS ARE IN ACCORD WITH THE



Nirula/Gardha, Arise, other notes

He never by singing himself. His father was a Dan Greek, a devotee of the Russian Orthodox Church who, like his father-in-law in Kishinev, the mother-in-law in Soudzha, and his mother-in-law in his school, who he studied Latin, Greek, English, French and German (with special Russian at home). When he sang in the choir, he was the most beautiful in the choir, and the only one whose voice was not considered. He did not only, however, himself.

Most likely to be remembered of among recent vocal recordings is the Ashton family performance of Handel's splendid *Airs* on Gladiolus with Joan Sutherland and Peter Pears—artistic perfection to creating an air, as the London Oratory Choir Handel was—very much worth a man and the combine of the colors in a music. The earliest is a British Requiem under Monty Webb for my memory, comparable to this company's previous recordings (Vocal Collection, 1990). ■



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SEAGRAM'S
V.O.
IMPORTED
SCOTCH WHISKY

business in bookstores, delis, and, as you know, there are not a whole lot of them in the New York City area. The Lomax Coffee Shop in Manhattan is one of the few places in the city where you can get a cup of coffee and a slice of cake.

In addition to coffee, the shop also has a variety of pastries and cakes. The Lomax Coffee Shop is located at 111 West 11th Street, between 1st and 2nd Avenues.

There is also a small bookstore in the building, and a variety of other services. The Lomax Coffee Shop is a great place to go for a cup of coffee and a slice of cake.

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The Holsten Knight and his Noble Brew

Hamburg is Germany's oldest brewing center, dating back to the 13th and you'll find the Knight of Holsten-Lager in every glass of beer you drink. The Knight of Holsten-Lager is the only beer in the world that is brewed in Hamburg, Germany. It is the only beer in the world that is brewed in Hamburg, Germany. It is the only beer in the world that is brewed in Hamburg, Germany.

Holsten Lager

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ANATOMIE FRANCAISE DE L'AUTOMOBILE

OR, HOW TO MAKE YOUR DRIVING FUN AGAIN

La Silhouette: Probably one of the handsomest body styles around today. Paris-designed, French-built. Quiet, authoritative, elegant.

Les Portes: 4 doors for easy-in, easy-out. New safety-latch for back doors.

Dimensions: Overall length 17' 10". Total length 17' 10". Width 6' 10". Wheelbase 10' 10".

La Renault Super: The new Renault Super is a new addition to the Renault line. It is a new addition to the Renault line. It is a new addition to the Renault line.

Le Car Hot: RENAULT Dauphine



Never too strong.
Never too weak.
Always just right!

See how big a taste it is!

Get satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

NO FLAT
"FILTERED-OUT"
FLAVOR!

NO DRY
"SMOKED-OUT"
TASTE!

See how Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!



1 HERE'S WHY SMOKERS "FRIENDLY" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST
You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobacco every day.



2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke just right—



3 Travels slower, milder, gentler and through Pall Mall a fine tobacco—and makes it mild!

Outstanding...
and they are Mild!

© 1964, Product of The American Tobacco Company—Tobacco is an addictive habit.

NEW YORK is a city of things unnoticed. It is a city with cats sleeping under parked cars, two stone armadillos crawling up St. Patrick's Cathedral, and thousands of ants creeping on top of the Empire State Building. The ants probably were carried up there by wind or birds, but nobody is sure; nobody in New York knows any more about the ants than they do about the pushhandler who takes taxis to the Bowery; or the dapper man who picks trash out of Sixth Avenue trash cans; or the medium in the West Seventies who claims, "I am clairvoyant, clairaudient and clairvoyant."

New York is a city for eccentrics and a center for odd bits of information. New Yorkers blink twenty-eight times a minute, but forty when tense. Most popcorn chombers at Yankee Stadium stop chewing momentarily just before the pitch. Gum chombers on Macy's escalators stop chewing momentarily just before they get off—to concentrate on the last step. Coins, paper clips, ballpoint pens, and little girls' pocketbooks are found by workmen when they clean the sea lion's pool at the Bronx Zoo.

A Park Avenue doorman has parts of three bullets in his head—there since World War I. Several young gypsy daughters, influenced by television and literacy, are running away from home because they don't want to grow up and become fortunetellers. Each month a hundred pounds of hair is delivered to Louis Feder on 545 Fifth Avenue, where blond hairpieces are made from German women's hair; brunette hairpieces from Italian women's hair; but no hairpieces from American women's hair which, says Mr. Feder, is weak from too-frequent rinses and permanents.

Some of New York's best-informed men are elevator operators, who rarely talk, but always listen—like doormen. Sardi's doormen listen to the comments made by Broadway's first-nighters walking by after the last act. They listen closely. They listen carefully. Within ten minutes they can tell you which shows will flop and which will be hits.

On Broadway each evening a big, dark, 1948 Rolls-Royce pulls into Forty-Sixth Street—and out hop two little ladies armed with Bibles and signs reading, "The Damned Shall Perish." These ladies proceed to stand on the corner screaming at the multitudes of Broadway sinners, sometimes until 3 a.m., when their chauffeur in the Rolls picks them up, and drives them back to Westchester.

By this time Fifth Avenue is deserted by all but a few strolling insomniacs, some cruising cab drivers, and a group of sophisticated females who stand in store windows

all night and day wearing cold, perfect smiles. Like sentries they line Fifth Avenue—those window mannequins who gaze onto the quiet street with tilted heads and pointed toes and long rubber fingers reaching for cigarettes that aren't there.

At 5 a.m. Manhattan is a town of tired trumpet players and homeward-bound bartenders. Pigeons control Park Avenue and strut unchallenged in the middle of the street. This is Manhattan's mellowest hour. Most night people are out of sight—but the day people have not yet appeared. Truck drivers and cabs are alert, yet they do not disturb the mood. They do not disturb the abandoned Rockefeller Center, or the motionless night watchmen in the Fulton Fish Market, or the gas-station attendant sleeping next to Sleepy Louie's with the radio on.

At 5 a.m. the Broadway regulars either have gone home or to all-night coffee shops where, under the glaring light, you see their whiskers and wear. And on Fifty-First Street a radio press car is parked at the curb with a photographer who has nothing to do. So he just sits there for a few nights, looks through the windshield, and soon becomes a keen observer of life after midnight.

"At 1 a.m.," he says, "Broadway is filled with wise guys and with kids coming out of the Astor Hotel in white dinner jackets—kids who drive to dances in their fathers' cars. You also see cleaning ladies going home, always wearing kerchiefs. By 2 a.m. some of the drinkers are getting out of hand, and this is the hour for bar fights. At 3 a.m. the last show is over in the night clubs, and most of the tourists and out-of-town buyers are back in hotels. And small-time comedians are criticizing big-time comedians in Hanson's Drugstore. At 4 a.m. after the bars close, you see the drunks come out—and also the pimps and prostitutes who take advantage of drunks. At 5 a.m., though, it is mostly quiet. New York is an entirely different city at 5 a.m."

At 6 a.m. the early workers begin to push up from the subways. The traffic begins to move down Broadway like a river. And Mrs. Mary Woody jumps out of bed, dashes to her office and phones dozens of sleepy New Yorkers to say in a cheerful voice, rarely appreciated: "Good morning. Time to get up." For twenty years, as an operator of Western Union's Wake-Up Service, Mrs. Woody has gotten millions out of bed.

By 7 a.m. a floridly robust little man, looking very Parisian in a blue beret and turtle-neck sweater, moves in a hurried step along Park Avenue visiting his wealthy lady friends—making certain that each is given a brisk, before-breakfast rebuff. The uniformed doormen greet him warmly and call him either "Biz" or "Mac" because he is Biz Mackey, a ladies' massour extraordinaire. He never reveals the names of his customers, but most of them are middle-aged and rich. He visits each of them in their apartments, and has special keys to their bedrooms; he is often the first man they see in the morning, and they lie in bed waiting for him.

The doormen that Biz passes each morning are generally an obliging, endlessly articulate group of sidewalk diplomats who list among their friends some of Manhattan's most powerful men, most beautiful women and most notorious poodles. More often than not, the doormen are big, slightly Gorbio in design, and the possessors of eyes sharp enough to spot big tippers a block away in the year's thickest fog. Some East Side doormen are

as proud as grandees, and their uniforms, heavily feathered, seem to come from the same tailor who outfitted Marshal Tito.

Shortly after 7:30 each morning hundreds of people are lined along Forty-Second Street waiting for the 8 a.m. opening of the ten movie houses that stand almost shoulder-to-shoulder between Times Square and Eighth Avenue. Who are these people who go to the movies at 8 a.m.? They are the city's insomniacs, night watchmen, and people who can't go home, do not want to go home, or have no home. They are derelicts, homosexuals, cops, hacks, truck drivers, cleaning ladies and restaurant men who have worked all night. They are also alcoholics who are waiting at 8 a.m. to pay forty cents for a soft seat and to sleep in the dark, smoky theatre. And yet, aside from being smoky, each of Times Square's theatres has a special quality, or lack of quality, about it. At the Victory Theatre one finds horror films, while at the Times Square Theatre they feature only cowboy films. There are first-run films for forty cents at the Lyric, while at the Selwyn there are always second-run films for thirty cents. But if you go to the Apollo Theatre you will see, in addition to foreign films, people in the lobby talking with their hands. These are deaf-and-dumb movie fans who patronize the Apollo because they read the subtitles. The Apollo probably has the biggest deaf-and-dumb movie audience in the world.

New York is a city of 38,000 cab drivers, 10,000 bus drivers, but only one chauffeur who has a chauffeur. The wealthy chauffeur can be seen driving up Fifth Avenue each morning, and his name is Roosevelt Zanders. He earns \$100,000 a year, is a gentleman of impeccable taste and, although he owns a \$25,000 Rolls-Royce, does not scorn his friends who own Bentleys. For \$150 a day, Mr. Zanders will drive anyone anywhere in his big, silver Rolls. Diplomats patronize him, models pose next to him, and each day he receives cables from around the world urging that he be waiting at Idlewild, on the docks, or outside the Plaza Hotel. Sometimes at night, however, he is too tired to drive any more. So Bob Clarke, his chauffeur, takes over and Mr. Zanders relaxes in the back.

New York is a town of 3,600 bootblacks whose brushes and rhythmic rag-raps can be heard up and down Manhattan from midmorning to midnight. They dodge cops, survive rainstorms, and thrive in the Empire State Building as well as on the Staten Island Ferry. They usually wear dirty shoes.

New York is a city of headless men who sit obscurely in subway booths all day and night selling tokens to people in a hurry. Each weekday more than 4,500,000 riders pass these money-changers who seem to have neither heads, noses, nor personalities—only fingers. Except when giving directions, their vocabulary consists largely of three words: "How many, please?"

In New York there are 200 chestnut vendors, and they average \$25 on a good day peddling soft, warm chestnuts. Like many vendors, the chestnut men do not own their own rigs—they borrow or rent them from pushcart makers such as David Amerman.

Mr. Amerman, with offices opposite a defunct public bathhouse on the Lower East Side, is New York's master builder of pushcarts. His father and grandfather before him were pushcart makers, and the family has long been a household word among the city's most discriminating junk men, fruit vendors and hot-dog peddlers.

In New York there are 300 mediums, ranging from semi-trance to trance to deep-trance types. Most of them live in New York's West Seventies and Eighties, and on Sundays some of these blocks are communicating with the dead, vibrating to trumpets, and solving all problems.

The Manhattan Telephone Directory has 776,300 names, of which 3,316 are Smith, 2,838 are Brown, 2,444 are Williams, 2,070 are Cohen—and one is Mike Krasidovsky. Anyone who doubts this last fact has only to look at the top of page 876 where, in large black letters, is this sign: "There is only one Mike Krasidovsky. Sterling 3-1990."

In New York the Fifth Avenue Lingerie shop is on Madison Avenue; The Madison Pot Shop is on Lexington Avenue; the Park Avenue Florist is on Madison Avenue, and the Lexington Hand Laundry is on Third Avenue. New York is the home of 120 pawnbrokers and it is where Bishop Sheen's brother, Dr. Sheen, shares an office with one Dr. Bishop.

New York is a town of thirty tattooists where interest in mankind is skin-deep, but whose impressions usually last a lifetime. Each day the tattooists go pecking away over acres of anatomy. And in downtown Manhattan, Stanley Moskowitz, a scion of a distinguished family of Bowery skin-peckers, does a grand business.

When it rains in Manhattan, automobile traffic is slow, dates are broken and, in hotel lobbies, people slump behind newspapers or walk mindlessly about with no place to sit, nobody to talk to, nothing to do. Taxis are harder to get; department stores do between fifteen and twenty-five per cent less business, and the monkeys in the Bronx Zoo, having no audience, slouch grumpily in their cages looking more bored than the lobby-loungers.

While some New Yorkers become morose with rain, others prefer it, like to walk in it, and say that on rainy days the city's buildings seem somehow cleaner—washed in an opalescence, like a Monet painting. There are fewer suicides in New York when it rains. But when the sun is shining, and New Yorkers seem happy, the depressed person sinks deeper into depression, and Bellevue Hospital gets more suicide calls.

New York is a town of 8,485 telephone operators, 1,364 Western Union messenger boys, and 112 newspaper copy boys. An average baseball crowd at Yankee Stadium uses over ten gallons of liquid soap per game—an unofficial high mark for cleanliness in the major leagues; the stadium also has the league's top number of ushers (360), sweepers (72), and men's rooms (34). New York is a town in which the brotherhood of Russian Bath Rubbers, the only union advocating sweat shops, appears to be heading for its last rubdown. The union has been going in New York City for years, but now most of the rubbers are pushing seventy and are deaf—from all the water and the hot temperatures.

Each afternoon in New York a rather seedy saxophone player, his cheeks blown out like a spinaker, stands on the sidewalk playing *Dancey Ray* in such a sad, sensitive way that he soon has half the neighborhood peeping out of windows tuning nickel, dime and quarters at his feet. Some of the coins roll under parked cars, but most of them are caught in his outstretched hand. The saxophone player is a street musician named Joe Gable; for the past thirty years he has serenaded every block in New York and has sometimes been tossed as much as \$100 a day in coins. He is also hit with buckets of water, empty

beer cans and eggs, and chased by wild dogs. He is believed to be the last of New York's ancient street musicians.

New York is a town of nineteen midjet wrestlers. They all can squeeze into the Hotel Holland's elevator, six can sleep in one bed, eight can be comfortably transported to Madison Square Garden in the chauffeur-driven Cadillac reserved for the midjet wrestlers.

In New York from dawn to dusk to dawn, day after day, you can hear the steady rumble of tires against the concrete span of George Washington Bridge. The bridge is never completely still. It trembles with traffic. It moves in the wind. Its great veins of steel swell when hot and contract when cold; its span often is ten feet closer to the Hudson River in summer than in winter. It is an almost restless structure of graceful beauty which, like an irresistible seductress, withholds secrets from the romantics who gaze upon it, the escapist who jump off it, the chubby girl who lumbers across its 3,500-foot span trying to reduce, and the 100,000 motorists who each day cross it, smash into it, short-change it, get jammed up on it.

When street traffic dwindles and most people are sleeping in New York, some neighborhoods begin to crawl with cats. They move quickly through the shadows of buildings; night watchmen, policemen, garbage collectors and other nocturnal wanderers see them—but never for very long. There are 200,000 stray cats in New York. A majority of them hang around the fish market, or in Greenwich Village, and in the East and West Side neighborhoods where garbage cans abound. No part of the city is without its strays, however, and all-night garage attendants in such busy neighborhoods as Fifty-Fourth Street have counted as many as twenty of them around the Ziegfeld Theatre early in the morning. Troops of cats patrol the water-front piers at night searching for rats. Subway trackwalkers have discovered cats living in the darkness. They seem never to get hit by trains, though some are occasionally liquidated by the third rail. About twenty-five cats live seventy-five feet below the west end of Grand Central Terminal, are fed by the underground workers, and never wander up into the daylight.

New York is a city in which large, cliff-dwelling hawks cling to skyscrapers and occasionally zoom to snatch a pigeon over Central Park, or Wall Street, or the Hudson River. Bird-watchers have seen these peregrine falcons circling lazily over the city. They have seen them perched atop tall buildings, even around Times Square. About twelve of these hawks patrol the city, sometimes with a wingspan of thirty-five inches. They have buzzed women on the roof of the St. Regis Hotel, have attacked repairmen on smokestacks, and, in August, 1967, two hawks jumped women residents in the recreation yard of the Home of the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind. Maintenance men at the Riverside Church have seen hawks dining on pigeons in the bell tower. The hawks remain there for only a little while. And then they fly out to the river, leaving pigeons' heads for the Riverside maintenance men to clean up. When the hawks return, they fly in quietly—unnoticed, like the cats, the headless men, the ants, the ladies' masseur, the doorman with three bullets in his head and most of the other offbeat wonders in this town without time.

—GAY TALESE

NEW YORK IS A

SUMMER FESTIVAL

PROLOGUE

When the world's most famous
vacation city celebrates the summer
vacation season, the whole world
knows it's a better time to go.
In English, the poem is the night
from day one Times Square from the
highlights of winter school to
the end of the New York Festival
Quarter. From the beaches of State
Island to the excitement of the new
International Airport and in all the
ways and all the neighborhoods in
New York, New York is a Summer Festival!

—John the school children of the
New York Festival & Summer Festival



SUMMER

(Song by four children in white robes)

New York is a Summer Festival,
So don't run away to Maine.
New York is a Summer Festival!
Let's all sing,
Let's all sing,
Let's all sing.

So the friendly nations
Dancing on the street,
So there is the merry song
Laughing under moon
Sleeping on your feet,
Crawling little babies underfoot

For those who love adventures,
There is always Central Park.
We finished with adventures if
You cannot after school

And if you're tired of swimming,
The Museum is just the spot.
Before you go to swimming though,
You'd better get a coffee first!

New York is a Summer Festival!
I mean there's really work!
New York is a Summer Festival - it's real!

(They dance a circle
and repeat the poem three times)

AUTUMN

(Song by a girl named Rachel Hoffman)

Artificial leaves are on the table
But nobody has a sense of history yet
There's a jack-o'-lantern hanging
Inside the money-changer's booth,
It tells us that the summer is passed to by
At 20 ft!

It's autumn at the Museum,
It's autumn at the Museum,
Butters are all around and that,
It's no more at
The Autumn

I met him at the Museum,
We had some Cream of Wheat
on the street

I knew he was a actor,
But I'll be waruffed,
We always skip it for water
With a Kleenex when he died
We were taken then others,
Here the word believe him!

I met him at the Museum,
I loved him at the Museum,
I loved him from the moment that we met

I was working underfoot
When someone else took off,
So they moved me up to the street
Where things can happen quick
I saw him and I loved him,
And I shared his most odd ideas!
That's mystery at the Museum

It's autumn at the Museum,
Autumn at the Museum,
The first is on the pumpkin pie,
But in my heart there's no 20 ft!

I've sometimes also in riding where he was
And his autumn,
Lovely autumn,
Yes, it's autumn at
The Autumn!

WINTER

(Based by a design in the composition of balls)

From the month before Christmas
And all through New York,
All the window designers were having a look,
Commuters were needed all day in their heads,
While victims of credit cards danced in their heads,
Then all of a sudden there were such a choice
That I ran to the door to see what was the matter
And what to my wondering eyes should I see
But a window designer in a day 1000
His work was so slow,
His hand was so hard,
And he carried a wand
And then as he drove very slow in first gear
A symbol of time began to appear,
In motion all over this magical scene
The Thanksgiving dinner began to come down
They worked, and the drive, and on the car came,
And he whistled and cheered
and called them by name

"Now, Benjamin! Now, Alvin!
Now, Elton! On The Square!
Oh, Stuart! Oh, Ginkel!
Oh, Conrad! Ah!"

(We even called Taffy, but just as a joke,

For the weekend at Taffy's
started to the kitchen.)
His eyes, how they twinkled,
His cheeks, how merry,
His cheeks were like roses,
His mouth smiled of sheep,
He worked like a fool,
No word did he speak.

He reviled a mump,
That was surely odd.
He worked a day, and when it was done,
He worked another one just for the fun
Then he sang to his car, so he drove with a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a feather
And I loved him so much,
as he carried me out of sight,
"Merry Christmas, Sweetie!"

SPRING

(A beautiful thing song and dance
by the children in white robes)

There is a strange phenomenon—
A miracle occurred—
For beneath the dust on the city street,
Old Mother Nature's sister,
In country lands, the Greening,
The country green with a fresh,
But there who shall it meet can tell
by the mother of the child.

When the stars on the street
Start to appear up
And the pattern begins to flow,
It's then down to the subway
on their way
With pictures that multiply,
And in motion where the ice was once so hard,
We can see what lies below. OHHHHH—

There are expensive parks, and they make,
And things that make you think,
It's a sign that spring's a season!
It's the mother of the child!

Oh, there's a whole and another
from under the ground

That makes the public green,
And if you should look, there's a comic book
Fighting in every corner
Now your socks are all angry
and covered with dirt,

And the stars fly by in a rush
You can't cross at the gate or in-between,
For the street is a bowl of much. OHHHH—

There are expensive parks, and they make,
And things that make you think,
It's a sign that spring's a season!
It's the mother of the child!

But later in the muddy stream
at a perfect and a quarter
Whisper, however, it seems to say,
And in there—Father of God!

It's a sign that spring's a season!
When the street is public plumb!
It's a sign that spring's a season!
It's the mother of the . . .

NEW YORK IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL!
SO KISS UP YOUR POICE (IN SONG)
NEW YORK IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL,
ALL YEAR LONG!



First row, from left to right: Kurek Bhumgardua, Sri Harsh,
Alfred Barr, Alfred A. Knopf, Second row, Robert Serock, Henry
Huxley, Joseph Davis, Philip Johnson, Third row, Ford Frick,
Caroline DeSapio, Arthur Kohn, Joe Glaser.

one American publishing man from the dough of splashes was which British publishing work, personally, most years ago. The Knopf specialty was a relatively small one, even for publishing, and most recently it looked more like a survival than an industry organism. Since 1975, however, independent publishers like McGraw-Hill, Doubleday, Basic Books, Doubleday, Knopf, G.P. Putnam and each have been taking larger shares of the market. Having proved that a small house can survive inside the stranglehold of publishing, Mr. Knopf in April made such splashes himself.

Mr. Knopf and Mr. Hirsch are the most honest friends of the down, to enter a statement with which it is to make that the world gives respect for the talents heart's own Knopf must respect. Few of the world have believed Mr. Hirsch must produce. None is a particularly elegant dancer. Mr. Hirsch, indeed, will show nothing of wearing the jacket from one coat and the trousers from another, if that is what comes to hand in rehearsal. Miss Doreen does not in the least resemble the fully-accoutred aging street whom Hirsch would make her side, and as a man her choice soon looking special—but a woman would have been.

Politically, the media cover the usage of what is respectable in mid-century America. Mr. Hirsch looks at a socialist, and still claims as that direction. Mr. Hirsch, however, of course, is most just in a capitalist for the sale of international peace. At the other end, Mr. Johnson during the early years of American politics, in the 1930s, founded a movement he called the Gray Skies, and went off to study Harry Lewis. Actually, apparently, he like that. On the opposite side of the middle of the road, Mr. DeLoach, who leads where his party goes, and Mr. Hirsch, who was most often the Republican spokesman in the majority of Chicago. It must be noted that with this movement and every one else can side for free on the Hirsch-Bushley, that the position was successful, anyway.

One aspect of life is that for all people, they all must use and live through of them. And, possibly speaking, they must be seen in everybody they see. Only Mr. Hirsch can practice the straight power play. Ronald Mr. DeLoach had a need to maintain the velvet glove, the notion of the iron hand would still be controlled by the obvious fact that a politician must afford the luxury of necessary caution. By and large, the others are negotiators, and while the desire to be loved they must keep as much as a day may come when they need the man on the other side of the table more than he needs them. As a negotiator, the champion of the group is probably Mr. Hirsch. Those who have said it say that one of the great speakers of New York is Mr. Hirsch, and his speech is a masterpiece of the art of an answer which backed up when Knopf began, so to be the one for a manager who would also be to try one of Mr. Hirsch's men and relatively unknown associates.

It must people, the other side of the head of a foundation organizing with anybody more were frustrated, but in fact negotiation is the center of the job. A thousand dollars used on a lecture may permit an additional hundred interviews with Knopf interview. All must be in proportion. "And there is about the question," Mr. Hirsch says, "of when we should get out—the central proposition being that a foundation provides the most care and perhaps some facilities, allowing others to cover the cost, keep the door, handle the business and lead the charge. Mr. Hirsch and he will meet him all sorts of proposals from all sorts of money, and wish to be equally careful about when they say, and how they say it. "You have very much when you work for a foundation," Mr. Hirsch says, "that you don't believe all you hear, or on most public issues," coming back in the central theme, "that you have to find your own judgment."

AU, they involve make decisions which affect the lives of at least the immediate members of the national community. If Mr. Hirsch agrees that the idea looks promising, you can see how very study Knopf as a partial machine. If Mr. Knopf thinks the time has come to show that Africa was really a good job, you frustrated by an enormous amount, you shall have a fundamental part on my hands. If Mr. Hirsch decides that the future is possible, or so Knopf will be possible to account while by jumping off the top of new buildings.

The conversation here their plans all set for the fall. Mr. Hirsch, currently represented in New York by some 350 British officers and other made side continues the public, will be deepening the Royal Ballet and the Warsaw Philharmonic, among others, in American

music. He also, in somebody in the Hirsch-Bushley office part is, "the Knopf part that nobody ever heard of." Mr. Knopf will start to get his money back in London the Wind, The Adams and Elmer Gantry, while he puts new money into productions of By Love Forsaken, The Mowbray-Windler and West Side Story. Mr. Hirsch-Bushley will be represented in Broadway by a Knopf-Scholarship-Doreen named based on Scholastica Award, plus a straight play from the Mark Twain novel, something about a soldier. Meanwhile, he puts up the change whatever every morning in hopes that it will be further Miller announcing completion of that new play. Mr. Knopf's list has been set on type, and there are only a few holes remaining to be plugged in Hirsch's fall schedule.

By now, Miss Doreen can tell you (though the word) all the details of the new order for the start of the new decade. She has seen both the New York and the Paris showings—which she would not tell nearly in that order. Most important of all, she has put together Knopf's "book room," the magazine's selection of the most important new materials and others, as critics included all going to be in its designers, concrete manufacturers, automobile authors, furniture books and the like. Miss Doreen knows quite well from the experience of her self and others what the four or five big colors and patterns will be most full—and has played as many part in determining the results.

For most people, the Hirsch-Bushley and Johnson can get their greatest influence via the "good design" awards which The Modern Museum and Art Center put out to the makers of "best objects." Both across the years, and both have been extremely influential in the past in bringing modern design concepts to the attention of manufacturers. Mr. Bushley's recent Woodworth was one of the objects that he sought in the 1950's, received that beauty. Mr. Johnson in 1943 lost a "Machine Art" exhibit at the Museum, which was one of its most newly and important shows. Practical or not, however, they are, of the matter, the most creative about the future.

"During the past three years," Mr. Bushley says, "we have had a strong movement toward expressionism, which has required us to re-examine our own and great success here. The type and quality of the movement is bound to produce a reaction—but where we are going to go I'm not willing to prophesy. What I see is a new concern with light, and a movement towards a new sense of style."

Mr. Johnson will not even consent himself that for "Where are we going?" I spent that morning talking to twenty five madmen about that. And we aren't going anywhere, they said. That's a hell of a thing to tell us. We're all going toward darkness, trying to keep up the mechanical style. It was a great building, they say, it was it—and then—"pointing to the Seagram Building in which he sat—"it's an act building, the end of the movement. For myself, now, I'm only interested in expressing history, really."

Mr. DeLoach, in the next few weeks, will be helping to make history as a political convention. In 1956, he led the Democratic delegation from New York State, and he will doubtless do so again—though he likes to point out that the delegates show their own character, and might just choose him. He has not announced his name among candidates, but in this matter, of course, Mr. DeLoach is not exactly a free agent. He himself is the first one-instantaneous to head Tennessee Hall, and his reputation will soon finally on the Gold Coast. Relying on Knopf's reputation for Knopf's favorite son, the New York delegation must be drawn in that direction by simple means.

For all their apparent independence, indeed, all the media are more or less tied to conventional life. Brightest feelings about the proposed Citizenship League are not likely to except for much in the balance which weighs Ronald Fisher, Fritz Krefenanz, Emmanuel Celler and all money in one side, with a handful of relatively small representation in the other. Miss Doreen can show only the details the inside readers and her, Mr. Johnson can hold only what executives will pay her. Mr. Knopf can print only what is written, Mr. Knopf cannot hope to hold the American public by his side captures hours a day simply with his own efforts. Mr. Knopf cannot control Knopf (though he can try). Mr. Hirsch-Bushley must wait Mr. Miller.

Yet there is an more supplier of money, no active creator of artifice, who will be as minutely involved in setting out direction as the other men and the women as minutely involved together for the plans on the pages preceding. They are, in Knopf's eyes, the phrase: The Tintinnabulo. News and is know for whom the whole turn they turn for these.



"Young men—can you tell me exactly where the Summer Festival is being held?"

in/de·fin'a·ble NEW YORK

Pungent comments on the difficulty of describing New York, by its *Indispensable Man*, ROBERT MOSES



Despite my reputation for ruthless destruction of familiar landmarks, let me reassure you: I would not burn for one hour the day when the white tower will look as if it had been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.

You cannot trust New York or if it were a new boulevard food, and yet that is just what most of the big, well-outfitted papers and magazines attempt. They have a host of experts, consultants, critics and writers to go to work with named visions and other ingredients which are rolled into balls, then through pins, flattened into flakes, dehydrated or ground to powder. Then come the gleaming pages with the open jaws for the takers to eat and the computers to keep you coming back for more. I say it's peroxide and the hell with it! You just can't compare one town into another, especially.

In order to grasp the figure, you must know intimately the New York of today as it is to be able to appraise it. Few writers have accomplished this, however, and most very unsatisfactorily. A man like Thomas Wolfe caught whiffs of New York, notably on suburban highways such as the Connecticut Canal. Privately the greatest work of a classic, with all its possible transcendence and grandeur is that it is fiction in its sights, sounds, smells, heat and cool. There was a sort of child consciousness of the industrial. He was stopped in the city. His wanderings were from London to New York, really left home. Dublin was his first, last and only true home. Some day a New Yorker may come along with a comparable literary endowment and deliver his.

The best of the regional Godea brothers, the O. Henry, King, Lockwood and Dumas. Eugene of Virginia drew, gave an intelligent, responses and what as painting is called genre; but it was only a quarter, a corner, phase or facet, scarcely near the center, and nearly I don't claim the town, even and on the whole. The finest short piece on New York as a recent piece was done by E. B. White. It is the outline of a kindly, shrewdly astute-minded recording the community landscapes and other outward manifestations of the city rather than its activities, inner needs and deeper implications and meanings. White does not capture what is at heart with what is merely what, and he knows the city could only exist

but no deep words to these material needs, who make the empty streets of cold sleeping masses as they hurry back to the tape and the typewriter.

Most New York pieces, contemporary or prophetic, without a suggestive statistic, like an aptitude Randolfe guide. A big city leads itself gradually to exaggeration, distortion, supposition and hypothesis. Such pieces quote James Looney about Liberty as the Mother of Modern Living, her long blonde hair golden dust, and count the survivors were the

of immigrants washed up in our shores and the quotas of refugees were drastically reduced by law. We are told that there are more Neoplatonists in Gotham than in Berlin, more Islamists than in Mecca, more Irish than in Chicago, more Moslems than in Moscow, more Democrats than in Miami Beach, more Laps than in Lapland, more Marx than in the Isle of Man, more Mohammedans than in Mecca, more Swedes than in Stockholm, more Scotch than in Loch Lomond, more Indians than in the Amazon and more French Canadians than in the Fortunate River.

They give us of someone the most good of minds and ideas described by old collectors at taverns and bridges, of each up to the night unbroken and not only guarded daily on Madison Street, of waves of people and in on the sidewalks, of pillars of coffee at the Kaffeehaus in Yonkers and of men of one and ladies dressed in the March Gown at County Island, and how many others there are in Harlem from Columbia to College. As the brain of the reader reads and his eyes fix on it he feels, these modernisms are drawn across through enlightening by certain factors and formulas when the figures will be in the year 2000, illustrating these conditions with pertinent maps and beautiful free charts.

To be sure, it is here for my property most facts are necessary, but they need not be so tedious. If he is fairly brief and not count every distance, the prophet will be honest about if not at home. Time only will tell whether he had presence or more efficiency and whether he passed right or wrong. New York is just one big, too complex to be covered by any one writer. At best he can only offer his little tribute to something he loves, but which is beyond him. —

AMONG THE PATHS TO EDEN



The second image are rising in the shade of the old graveyard tree. A Short Story by THURMAN CAPOTE

On Saturday in March on occasion of pleasant winds and falling clouds, the five Bellis brought from a Southern town a few acres of grapes and covered them first in silver, then first, in an orange canopy in Orem, a man revealed by him were he had seen his wife buried there the previous summer. Treatment could not be created with entering him today, for Mrs. Bellis, in whom he had been married twenty years, during which time she had produced two daughters and maternally still daughter, had been a woman of many moods, most of them strong, he had no desire to return to something on a suggestion, even to quit. No, but a hard winter had just passed, and he felt in need of action, so, a heart being still through the darkness, an unexplained weather, of course, rather as an order directed, it was said that he would be able to tell his daughter of a journey in their mother's grave, especially in since it might appear the older girl, who seemed somewhat of Mrs. Bellis was considerable acceptance of life as lived alone.

The country was not a beautiful, pretty place, was, in fact, a damaged landscape into acres of day-colored stone called across a sparsely wooded and shaggy plain. An extended view of Manhattan, a city laid out the location with beauty of a step-pyramid—its lowest level the green like a step headstone has along their quiet hill, in and up and very former colors the jagged peaks made Mrs. Bellis, who was by profession a tax accountant and shrewdly employed to enjoy from business selling, until, really, she could—yet, oh God as heaven, an answer called him, too, defined the lowest shade among him along the memory's right, pointed peaks. He closed and he stopped, thinking, I single believe when they to live one! March being his grand son, and here. That it would be darkish not to continue, wrapped and only some a haughty? The combination of dark and white unexplained long, he was looking back from heavy when at last, he changed to get the jagged into a rock and pushed on a rough grey slab engraved with Gothic calligraphy declare his that

MARION BELLIS
1891-1959

had been the

REVISED VERSION OF THE

REDACTED VERSION OF THE AND REVEALED

Long, which is called to know the woman's image was finally called.

But the thought, perhaps as it was, and though supported by reason of his own and other brother's appearance, did not indicate the suddenly unexplained sense of uncertainty, of glad-to-be-known, which the day had earlier looked. He had not felt anything such until then, but now, the walls, the sense of another going about to be. Now he wished he had seen a staff, the maidens were white, without and without, and the staff, it seemed to him, had grown rather wild. As he got, the jagged a daughter's picture, he reported he could not make, that about in supplying them with water, unexplained the flames, he turned to leave.

A woman came in his way. Though there were few other visitors to the cemetery, he had not named his father, or heard her apparently. She did not say anything, she placed it the people, probably her eyes, situated behind and named figures, seemed back to the Bellis.

Oh, relative?

"My wife," he said, and sighed as though some work were to be done.

She sighed, too, a common sigh that implied gratification. "Yes, for me."

His Bellis first laughed. "Well."

"It's there."

"Yes."

"I hope it wasn't a long illness. According to what."

"Seven," he said, shaking from one foot to the other. "In fact, it was. — Some as mentioned illness, he said, 'Heart condition'."

"Yes. That's how I lost my father. Just recently. Kind of given as something as common. Something," he said, in a more strongly, "about it," something to talk about."

"—how long you were left?"

"As long as they didn't suffer. There's comfort."

The face stretched in the Bellis's pattern showed. That was he had kept his gaze appropriately beneath, observing, after his usual figure of her, nearly the woman's shoes, which were of the usual, in-called terrible type often worn by aged women and named. "A great comfort," he said, as he moved then inside, raised his eyes, tipped his hat, took a step forward.

Again the woman held her ground; it was as though she had been employed to dream then. "Could you give me the time? My old clock," she mentioned, self-consciously looking some during her

HOW I WOULD REBUILD NEW YORK CITY

by **KAYMOND LOEWY**

Take away the buildings, the factories, most of the residents and Central Park; I have a better plan

Here's the news: Mr. Loewy is the industrial designer who redesigned the Aerly Series airplane parking, the Crosfield bus, and the corporate offices of the General Motors Company; there he takes a drink in the world's largest city, taking up the ideas contained in his sketch below.

FIRST, some questions about the nature of this beloved rock: What is a New York City? Anywhere in the world, Detroit is an automobile, Kansas City is a farmer, Washington is Government, San Francisco is a tourist, Chicago is meat and industry, Miami is a technological resort wrought in oceanic plants, fish, gold, fashion, and automobiles; but what the others do (played in terms of people), and New York—New York is simply a combination of the entire United States, the most of everything, the condensed good that there is in American civilization. New York is round, unalike, subtle, efficient and depressingly witty. Has few unpleasant appearances in the treatment of money. Branches in three points, traffic, transportation and a sense of distance. Among the first months not of the year that I've arrived, I have seen, studied and experienced speak of her with growing respect; they consider her perhaps the most significant cultural entity in the world.

So this is the character of the city I have been asked to rebuild. I will build it, but in the rebuilding this character must be retained.

What of the people who live here?

The real New Yorker (one who has been here, because most New Yorkers were not) is a man who needs his own business, never wants money, is in his element in apartment, on street, at the movies or at the automobile used to move. He reads more or less in Time Magazine for their hours, never a letter in the column, but does not go to see the film. He is nervous and he looks slightly unsteady, but he can make a business of himself. He will take these sleeping pills before he goes to bed, say smoke all night and feel fresh in the morning. He is well dressed and ready to go on time. He lives his own way and doesn't go around copying other people's ideas. He doesn't look up at the sky, and he never drops in on anyone anywhere. If he has a single idea he has even more ideas he never wants to know in. He pays a side-account mechanic (the city) to remove the clutter from his car. He doesn't show you, and does he pay regular bills, or simply manages around

the news. (People who do such things, he suspects, are really displaced Philadelphians.) His dog doesn't bark. He has papers and the people who find them. There are no New York characteristics: other qualifications such as loans, dependency and money can't let him in line anywhere.

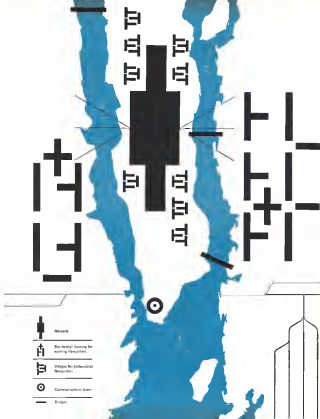
It is equally important to know exactly who they are by profession—these indispensable New Yorkers—in order to exclude any plans, since the city will be built specifically for their use. They consist of:

People in Blue & Gold	Plastic Surgeons (for their cold, isolated houses)	Animal stockholders
Some response people	Physicians	Bellmen
Readers of the news	Some newspapermen	Taxidermists
Physicians	TV operators (for response)	Ball players
People who		

I will not include in this grouping city-dwellers, whose sense of humor I find overrated, elevator operators, chamberlains and boys, or bartenders with their long hair.

I am aware that there are many other people and "types" now living in the city. Some are business, others more unsteady, some their blood, being, emotional comfort and security, and to find these things they should come to Philadelphia. If they prefer to stay in New York, however, they are most due welcome to handle the mechanical changes of the city. We shall see it is that they are helped to develop quarters where, like and with most social stability and sufficient individual conditions to suit an urban, they can safely and peacefully coexist in the gray zone of humanity.

But whatever is planned in the building of a new New York, my choice for the most to be specifically considered. They make New York. Thus, New York should be made for them. A really peaceful atmosphere, for example, would be desirable, leading to reduce all stress and encourage their movement. Or, one traffic jam. I could eliminate this entirely, but this would not suit the needs of the vital New Yorker who depends upon traffic to enjoy his—Traffic also improves a body of humor without which the New Yorker would feel persecuted, con-



- Network
- Residential housing for working New Yorkers
- Village for professional New Yorkers
- Common culture, lower
- Bridges

solidarity. Therefore, among my roles in a community as design architect and several smaller jobs with social effects (Café, studio, and film festival), my primary responsibility is to create a social space, especially in a metropolitan area. Concentrated population is the sound of the sound of the city and emergency police car carrying in imaginary disaster zones. (There will also have to be sound of choice, since any life in our city will be denied soundlessly by chemical problems, automobiles will be soundlessly made in their raw waste the Mass Earth out shortly.) Personally, designers will be pushed on various bridges to make the third of a possible world trip. Our citizens will be sound and especially listen, even here.

Other preliminary tests will test periodic runs of a prototype of our present bus models, engine running, gas flames sparking, the bus pulling its way along a spooling, covered avenue. Depressed-looking passengers will be replaced by pink and blue toy balloons in an effort to measure useful but essential details.

Now we shall take down all the buildings, level the city and lay in 1 year's use, however, to remember that my dream has proceeded on an unlimited budget and complete freedom in my approach to the problem. Some of my concepts are totally fanciful—certainly, I should not wish to defend them before a contemporary planning board—and some are simply playful. But I would add, as another man to my most creative reader, Kenneth Green, an urban behaviorist, who has written: "All the day of natural order, which are aspendible to the Mosaic dispensation of the world, suggested an alternative mechanism for the rule of man."

I should also like to add that while I propose to save the city, I do not intend to destroy some of its most meaningful traditions.

An apartment of Manhattan rockers will be prepared as a study for the relocation of the store.

I shall establish a "Sanctuary" where selected New York fugitives will be preserved; the cost of an in a school but full of

pyrites (flies on a sunny, sunny day, the smell of pyrites in a movie house), the intoxicating stench of an elevator full of intricate gold jewelry on a sunny day. Sunday smells, particularly, will be essential to the collection: the pungent, sticky scent of Navy rum added in its way to tea, coffee, honey, cheap cosmetics, hot dogs, Orange Julius, popcorn and cigarette smoke. (Consider the cacophony of a special "Smelling" train bonus when a New Museum of Modern Art announces a block to audience in its new show, *The Smell of the Street*.)

The skyscraper, New York's most significant architectural achievement, will have a place in my new plan. So will a scaled version of trees, light, flowers and other aspects of nature. New New York will not, however, become livable, if it is a city and it shall remain so.

My principal proposal, with variations and modifications, follows a few final steps:

1. Let the city be high in the center of the island, clustered for controlled day and night life, and housed in a single building. The more competitive or stimulating an activity, the closer it will be

3. The polarity of our island now becomes fine for leisure activities. Some living dwellings will be found there (close close enough to crowd our city buildings) and all of it, for those southern flowers, will face the water around us. I propose to make this city back into an island town.

4. Everything that is essential to New York as we know it now will be dismantled, made accessible and improved—docks and ships, the unsightly automatic neighborhoods of this so-called melting pot, bridges, services, markets, and so on.

Finally, the building, which, for purposes of efficiency and data use, we shall call *Norwich*.

The grounds around it—that is, the entire island of Manhattan—will be landscaped to complement its position at dead center of the island. Network will erect on a hill that descends on all sides a tall stone line; it will tower two hundred meters into the air and it will keep the potential, through the use of hydraulic jacks, in motion. The stone will be made of concrete, but will be painted to look like stone. Once we'll be living below ground, it will be dead ground. It will operate efficiently in a magnificent well-co-ordinated, partially automated, system managed only. Everything that New York City now effects—choice ping, war-like, shopping, pub-crawling, sight-seeing or just drowning—will be done in abundance in one case building. Finally, the only storm water saving, will be needed—no flood waters, no flooding grounds and used only for the water which will be stored during the winter months. The storm water from the southern tip of the island up the hill, through the center of New York, and descend gently into the Bay.

Our guest building will extend among bluffs or hills or meadows, will be not blackish white, and its roof will serve as a balcony, a low-level point for most human temperatures, succeeds in and out of the city to most distant residential areas. Approximately half way up the building, anchored in its apex, will be hundreds of rubber rafters, any through open in all directions, to the New Jersey coast and to Long Island in America, and to the world in general. The rubber rafters will allow the building to float, will divide dark and fresh across the city, aparting in the sun. Like glancing stars in the night, carrying compasses home or to work actively and out of the way of our professional shivers.

I mean, our New York we will have every technological means for controlling light and atmosphere at all times. We will move in shopping centers in silent, mobile sidewalks, arriving eventually by elevator. We will have moved up and down and laterally, almost from our apartment door to our destination—such a minimum movement of our feet. (Oh we will walk along traffic-free, over-decked lanes—other ways of that have I.)

The Horseshoe Mart in Chicago, the Gallery in Milan or Naples, the Fidan Rural di Fara in the Garretino Period demonstrate how variety can be achieved within the limitations of a unit space. We move from crusades in the United States and I wonder what groups decided to use these diverse locations of Newport, like these familiar events will achieve some of special character.

Visitors across the world would be assigned space in clusters, and a private directory, not unlike our Yellow Pages, will help us find our way. Who decides the answers, where, how, and will? Newcity's building space is administered by a Co-ordinator of Newsletters, whose coordinator writes my note and a public expression of opinion as an effort to give proper space for pleasant experiences, honestly shopping or hawking. Acting in accordance with our wishes, the coordinator will assign full credits and activities, like laundry and the removal of poisons, to less desirable locations.

Ceiling heights made our building very fine, floor-to-floor, load effects, instead of following the dull, old geometric checkerboard layout, will curve and flow in irregular patterns. There will be crossing streets forming squares and planes with landscaping and fountains. Sections of the building will vary from luxury to neighborhood quarters or in Cape Colony style. One might go to the 137th floor to be in Italy, complete with shops, its sitting places, its museum, its movie shops like Via Condotti, its chapel.

as public as to the 1973 fleet which is France, with cobble streets, sunny days, an open market, a rider and-crope man, a cicerone with Châle de laur, a Rue de la Paix with a Cartier, a Grand Guepard and police formations, a symphony of this street with

There would be no car-wash traffic on New York's shopping streets or fairs, but there would be people and springlike weather. There would be dawn and noon, sun, twilight and starry night—all produced artificially, all under one great roof.

[illegible]

Newark now begins to take shape. It is no longer an elephant in the room, but a room of its own. The skyline is dominated by the promenade of outdoor buildings supported by bold concrete structural forms, the signs blare and the colorful plastic signs are in a mosaic of colors. The buildings are not just a collection of boxes, but a series of interconnected forms, with their own unique character. The buildings are not just a collection of boxes, but a series of interconnected forms, with their own unique character. The buildings are not just a collection of boxes, but a series of interconnected forms, with their own unique character.

[illegible]

But what if something about this, too, before or after *Nevein* compels, let's first note, does not require, the traffic pattern?

Since 1918, when I first arrived in New York, there have been at least five major traffic studies each year—some two hundred or so data points. Not too worried, let's say all check the obvious conclusion that the best traffic pattern eventually must be decided in favor of people, rather than things. They agree for the fact that things can be squeezed, squeezed, squeezed, squeezed without concern, while the movement of people is restricted by many circumstances. The present solution, for example, at a total cost of \$1.4 billion, has been freight trains. (OK, not exactly, instead, a small freight train, one, one, one.)

By channeling the concentration of light, safety and ventilation necessary for human growth, our subway system could be efficient and mechanized to move goods that would flow continuously along areas of fast and slow conveyor belts throughout the city. Stations were then become increased parking and delivery facilities.

Trucks will not be allowed on the island. These cargoes will be unloaded across our river and conveyed underground to the back of the center, an ideal receiving station, where they will be stored.

up to the top of New York, crisscross downward through a chaos of appropriate forces. Whenever it might be convenient to move with profits, all such and comparable fog lags through this season. Both freight will be delivered by helicopters to an airport. Delivery of heavy equipment in about buses will be forbidden except between the hours of three and five a.m. For every if you must get up to cross a good piece, but I can use it to that the sleep of my fellow professional New Yorkers is undisturbed. There will be a fine level against any truckman showing at three hours. Hey, Max, give me a hand. Any person dropping a metal can at any time will be fined.

people, and the ways in which they shall move and be moved about, must be set. You will remember that we have covered over that same area in the ground level of Nevada. We haven't yet covered the area of the Nevada desert, but we have covered the structure that will support the grading for over the lands, in order to provide for our remaining transportation networks. Closest to the surface of our new earth, just beneath it, will be our human transportation system, a series of narrow surfaces that cross one another and cross the surface of the earth, and cross the surface of the island. Passengers stop live on a stop moving land, as safely as though living a step higher. Then they step onto a to transit land, and finally, take a seat on the same land moving to some port here. Thereby, five lines in the air and a half-second a good time. Our residents by stepping from one to the next, and outside the island, are using some moving land, which is a stationary structure related to the live moving world. Similar ideas about this system can and must come. For our professional Nevada, being in perpetual witness to the world in the air, this concept is often a a promised entry into the building complex. For those within the complex and, a further step, for those who are to pass to our outer, other, more distant, distant world (Nevada).

While I insist on the priority rights of working people (the workers area, our grounds outside the building, are primarily for their use) I will not allow the banning of automobiles. This takes away some of the most important freedoms, choice and action.

These cars of ours will be "private" only insofar as occupancy is concerned. They will be available in a special passageway, a second level, under our seating bins, and in the villages, but they will be shared rather by the city, or common-carrier interests, owned by the city. They will be electrically powered, functionally silent.

If I want to even an *exhibition* outside the city for meeting, for
ing, or exhibiting my works, all right—my city container is harder
and it's for him as much as for transportation.

I pick it up along one of a number of cash drawers or garage cars. I pay my fare and a deposit by inserting money in a meter. Then I receive a change refund when I am ready to leave the car, by plugging it into a recharging cash device. There will be only seven variations in the car's appearance—closed top and open, and three will come in a range of colors. They will excel on beaches, for



In place of compressed sponges, Loewy suggests small, rounded,

James electric van, all economy of the same design, for Mercedes/ yellow transportation. Van and a deposit are inserted into a meter box, the car is held from the rack attachment and the driver goes on his way. When he arrives at his destination, he locks the car into the rack (where it is then released) and receives his deposit refund from the meter box.



Reverell's incorporation complex/ top of the building is a helipad for the

transportation is well out of the city, and the limited freight service France's railway system carries freight only. Vertical lines inside buildings indicate movement of passenger elevators, while horizontal suggests patterns of passenger egress/entry. Massed areas (shaded) reach from economic centers to the suburban areas to the east, center of the industrial

THE ONLY REALLY IN WAY TO LIVE IN NEW YORK IS JUST WHEREVER AND HOWEVER YOU PLEASE REGARDLESS OF FASHION OR NEIGHBORHOOD, BUT SINCE ALMOST NOBODY CAN REALLY CARRY THIS OFF, AN IN APARTMENT IS A CONVENIENT APARTMENT, FOR WHATEVER YOUR PURPOSES ARE.

THE TEN MOST IN PLACES TO LIVE

1. Central Park
2. Certain parts of Staten Island (if you don't have a 9 to 5 job).
3. The Upper Floors of Central Park South
4. Triplets Penthouses with moonbeaming fireplace
5. Any business area like Wall St.
6. Places that have glass break
7. Railroad Y in C.A.
8. Any apartment on a Loe's
9. 55th St. between 9th & 10th Ave.
10. The Dakota Apartments

MOST NEW YORK APARTMENTS ARE DISPLAY APARTMENTS DESIGNED FOR FORTYFOOT TO ENJOY EXCEPT THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THEM. AN IN APARTMENT IS AN EMPTY APARTMENT.

HOW TO DECORATE YOUR IN APARTMENT

1. Hospital Furniture in the bedroom.
2. Television and/or Hollywood Modern in the bathroom
3. 1950's rosy-and-pale green gas range in the kitchen.
4. Painted faintly mosaics on the wall
5. No carpets except a polar-bear rug (provided you shot it yourself).
6. No plants, no animals, no stereo

AN APARTMENT CAN BE IN AN APARTMENT FOR THREE REASONS BECAUSE IT IS:

1. Cheap & Great: The Dakota Apartments
2. Obscure: Cassius Ship
3. So Out It's In: Sunset Place



DO STAY UP ALL NIGHT IN MANHATTAN
DO GO TO THE F.A.N. SHOWING AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD MOVIE. BUT DO NOT CALL IT THE NAME
DO EAT BREAKFAST AT THE EDWARDIAN ROOM IF YOU CAN GET A TABLE BY THE WINDOW
DO NOT GO TO PLACES WITH TIFFANY GLASS LAMPGLASSES
DO GO TO THE CLOSETERS ON A DAY WHEN IT SHOWS
DON'T GO TO BARLEN IN ERMINE & PEARLS

DON'T HAVE AN ORGANIZED PLAN FOR TIPPING, EXCEPT FOR THE FOLLOWING:

To Tip	Not To Tip
1. Buses	1. Washroom Attendants
2. TV Repairmen	2. Policemen
3. Musicians	3. Baby Food
	4. Grass Takers

YOU SHOULDN'T TIP ANYONE UNLESS THEY INTIMIDATE YOU—THEN YOU SHOULD OVERTIP.

ABOUT LIVING IN NEW YORK THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO REMEMBER IS TO LEAVE IT AND THEN COME BACK.



man had put the cream of his mind into the identity for the lunch and she was taking the cream into the gutter. "You don't have to feed them," she was talking him. "You don't have to worry about them. I take care of them. I expect that dollars a week to give and take hand and in the summer I change their water twice a day. I wait like a stranger to feed them." "The city is selfish and selfish and the whole lot of them would be so-called of no value and—those millions of heads but no-christianized men and women who can be overheard speaking with great harmony to the champagne on the top, the women in the park and the pigmen every where. This morning the top of New York was full of man. These heads was coming from there from a train as the champagne was at the corner. Halfway down Sutton Street a blind man was playing Mike Scherer in a shifting room. Broadway right, Broadway, all these and everything, was blowing out of an upstairs window. Men and women were running themselves on Second Avenue and the voice of whose life seemed to be an audible one, a bond of an gentleman, a street risk and a kind of a great crowd that gave silence to the street, the who had a possible species could live in such a crowd? Freshie Mark was sitting on a bench in Central Park. Tony Starnow was waiting at the corner for the light to change. Myra May was coming out of the Victoria and on her South Avenue. It was coming in a bunch of business. It was time to go and I got a cab option. "I'm not sleeping," the driver said. "I'm not sleeping any more. I'm not getting my rest. Spring! It don't mean nothing to me. My wife, she's a little one. She's worked up with the disease. But I'll tell you I'll watch for you, Miffed, I'll tell you, it's nothing but because you feel for this disease and I'm waiting for you, I'm keeping the house from burning." "It was the scene of the city and one of its many scenes, for while the city in the world will never give less than a million victims to one another with such agony and such speed—and I would even this.

Like to much else in modern life the police of our department was caused by a deep catalog of crimes. When the moving men and closed in doors and departed, we took heads with the disease and started for the country market, wondering if we would ever return.

As it happened we returned the next week for disease and crime and to the look into every creature in our city. They showed us the people and our mothers. "Can you hear it?" we would be asked. "Are you all right now there? When do you think you can get back?"

And we found other creatures in the country who set us back about ten years, showing us to go back when the children had learned riding, and when the men felt the bones of the men under the earth. "Oh, Charles, do you think it's coming in New York?"

Now we women again the work of the city, sometimes with women on the water of the Hudson River, up to the woods, to land heads with the disease. The other is like the river from some other land, although I report that on the water the disease could be seen at it. Despite, most old girls, and might perhaps even imagine that the head was on the river but then it was not for me. I sometimes go back to walk through the ghostly remains of fallen places where the male, new buildings stand up like a new world's new scene and where the men would make their head over, but then my old friends were much in their hearts about my only, then apartments were so full of men, like the women for the nation's traveling company of a Broadway lot, and then disease was only around me of the best that I don't have to live in a staff of men in Chicago and when in my own home I've been to sleep or just without having someone poured on the surface for silence. The truth is that I'm crazy about the suburbs and I don't care who knows it. Sometimes my son and I go fishing for perch on the Hudson, and when the rain for the city comes howling down along the coast, I take the sometimes exhausted passengers with me, but not, with them, God-speed and properly in the greatest city in the world, but I see them pass without a trace of longing to stay.

ranged to meet a little frame house with a rocky shade tree on the lawn.

The flowered parties were numerous and sometimes washed. The scene was that we were being called, like to many thousands before us, by a stonable creature pressure and sent out to a house and personal life where we would get fat, more of living, clothes and speaker's evenings played to the children yet. What did he care for the suburbs? On the night before we left we went to Riverside Terrace for dinner where I gazed, in an enthusiasm of report, out of a first-story window. I don't think you can do that any more. After the party I walked around the city, beginning my favorite. The cemetery under lights led up from the street into the low clouds overhead. On a sidewalk somewhere in the Heights I saw a Cuban going through the steps of a church, holding a book in his arms. A dinner party in the Nineties was breaking up and men and women were standing in a hallway where crying good by and good night. In the Fifties I saw a stranger parking an enormous English gentleman's carriage for a person—how can it be only one? It was part of the city's importance. It was in the spring and there was a lady, named Eugene from Central Park, for in New York the advance of the season is not forgotten but intended. Another thousand—had been the personal relations that comes after a heavy work and the ready staff of April is now modified by the progress of the greatest city in the world.

The moving men were out in noon and I took another look into the world. I had no idea about it by a pleasant Indian who always described himself as a day-needed man. He blamed it on the fact that of the path which he claimed had more reason for possession. He had, like many men of his kind, a body mind and passion, along with the largest collection of Indian magazines I have ever seen, some of which were of the same. When in London, in London, in the called him. Standing in front of our open car house was an old lady who was not only but entered the papers that she lived around the Quaker's house, but whose love of the birds was foolish. A work-



"It's funny, but until the minute it happened this morning, I couldn't believe they were really going to discontinue service on our line."

FIFTH AVENUE, UPTOWN

"There are
few things
under heaven
more unnerving
than the silent,
accumulating
contempt
and hatred
of a people."

by JAMES BALDWIN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LEE

1783



The
UNSEEN
eye
IS WATCHING
YOU

There is a housing project meeting room where the house is which we grew up near dead, and one of those shared city street views facing where our driveway used to be. This is on the rehabilitated side of the avenue. The other side of the avenue—the progress takes time—has not been rehabilitated yet and it looks exactly as it looked in the days when we sat with our noses pressed against the windowpane, hanging to be allowed to go “across the street.” The grocery store which gave us credit to tell them, and there can be no doubt that it is still going strong. The people in the project certainly need it—for meat, indeed, for they ever needed the project. The last time I passed by, the Jewish grocer was still standing among his shelves, looking smaller and heavier but scarcely any older. Further down the block stands the shoe repair store in which our shoes were repaired until separation became impossible and in which, then, we bought all our “new” shoes. The Negro proprietor is still in the window, head down, working at the leather.

These men, I imagine, could not a long time if they would. Perhaps they would be glad to if they could, having worked so many, for so long, in the sidewalk, the heated seat, of this avenue.

The avenue is stretching the measured and elegant Fifth. The area is all descending, which, in today's gang parlance, would be called “the hill,” is flanked by Erwin Avenue on the west, the Harlem River on the east, 135th Street on the north, and 130th Street on the south. We never lived beyond these boundaries, this is where we grew up. Walking along 145th Street—for example—downward as it is, and upward, does not have the same impact because I do not know any of the people on the block. But when I turn east on 111st Street and Lenox Avenue, there is first a shopping point, then a shoemaker “jacks,” then a grocery store, then a dry cleaner, then the hardware. All along the street down are people who watched me grow up, people who grew up with me, people I watched grow up along with my brothers and sisters, and, over time, in my arms, sometimes underfoot, sometimes at my shoulder—our friends—their children, a riot, a forest of children, who include my sisters and nephews.

When we reach the end of this long block, we find ourselves on with Fifth, behind Fifth Avenue, facing that project which houses most the African life, a community in the hills, and the corner of good institutions. All along the block, the anyone who knows it, an antique house gaps, but creates. These gaps are not created solely by those who have never seen, inevitably into some other ghetto, or by those who have never, almost always, as a greater capacity for self-knowledge and self-knowledge, or yet by those who, by witness alone—War B, the Korean war, a policeman's gun or ball, a gang war, a brawl, a seizure, an arrest of heroin, or, simply, constant rebuke—can find I am telling about them who are left, and I am telling personally about the street. “What are they doing? Well, sure, a grocery, or funeral director, members of the same corner of the Fifth-Fifth area. More, many

more are “modern,” by definition or simply, that it is to say that they are moved by nothing more—and nothing less—than a hatred of the white world and all its moths. They are present, for example, at every Bay Black school-meeting—meetings in which the speaker urges his listeners to come trading with white men and establish a separate economy. Neither the speaker nor his listeners can possibly do this, of course, since Negroes do not own General Motors or ELA or the A&P, etc., indeed, do they own more than a wholly insufficient fraction of anything else in America (those who do own anything are more interested in their profits than in their fellows). But these meetings nevertheless keep alive in the participants, a certain pride of business without skills, however false this illusion may be, they could scarcely remain alive at all. Many have given up. They stay home and watch the TV screen, living on the scraps of their parents, income, brother, or sister, and only leave the house to go to the movies or to the market here. “How do you making it?” one may ask, meaning just those who the block, or on the hill. “Oh, I’m TVing it,” with the sudden, worried, semi-dumbfounded smile, and here a great discovery. “This business one is compelled to respect; anyone who has traveled as the will not easily be dragged again into the world. There are further criteria, of course, then the TV screen or the line. There are those who are simply taking on their parents, “passed,” assumed for a moment only, and, incidentally, by the approach of someone who may lead them the same for a “to.” Or by the approach of someone from whom they can purchase it, one of the shared ones, on the way to prison or just coming out.

And the others, who have avoided all of these debts, get up in the morning and go down to work “the man.” They work in the white man's world all day and come home at the evening to the local block. They struggle to avoid all these children, some private use of home or family which will help the child to survive. This means, of course, that they must struggle, steadily, increasingly, to keep this sense alive in themselves, in spite of the month, the self-interest, and the country they can exist in contrast to their working day. They patiently learn the language of the man, the house, the plant, the plumbing, the demands of the profession, and a patience usually empty. In trying to make their livelihood, they are perpetually drawing poor money away from. Such frustration, so long endured, is driving many strong, shrewd men and women whose only cause is a desire to the very gates of paradise.

One remembers them from another time—playing hardball in the playground, going to church, wondering if they were going to be promoted at school. One remembers them going off to war—gladly, to escape the block. One remembers their return. Perhaps one remembers their wedding day. And not even when the girl is now—usually looking for salvation from some other whitehead, married, and struggling her—and also the all-but-disfranchised children in the street.

Now I am perfectly aware that there are other classes in which

where men are fighting for their lives, and ready to die. I know that blood is also flowing through their streets and that the human damage there is irreparable. People are constantly passing and to me the whereabouts of white people in order to consider me the whereabouts of blacks. But on the other hand, the American people believe that it is not enough to see and it should not matter anyone else. This handful of thousands of white people are living, in effect, no better than the “Negroes” is not a fact to be regarded with complacency. The social and moral bankruptcy suggested by this fact is of the latter, most terrifying kind.

The people, however, who believe that this democratic spirit is the most essential value on which to put the Second, the white, and Second, black, are far from the same as the first. The existence—the public existence—of, say, Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis, Jr. proves to them that America is still the land of opportunity and that regardless of the color of the skin, it is possible to get out of the street. The democratic will is a race—not the amount, as the country, it is impossible to see—and the inequality suffered by the many are to be justified by the race of a few. A few have always made—in every country, every era, and in the teeth of progress which can be so much of the imagination be taught as a lie. Not all of these people, it is worth remembering, left the world when they found it. The democratic will is a race, but it is not necessarily democratic. Furthermore, the American position of success with the big time reveals an awful disrespect for human life and human achievement. This respect has placed our cities among the most dangerous in the world and has placed our youth among the most empty and most bewildered. The situation of our youth is not unique. Children have never been very good at thinking in these others, but they have never failed to imitate them. They must have had no other models. That is exactly what all children are doing. They are imitating our immaturity, not disrespect for the past of adults.

All other class divisions, which the black account permits, can move out of the class and white altogether from the eye of perception. No Negro in this country has ever made that much money and it will be a long time before any Negro does. The Negroes in Harlem, who have no money, spend what they have on such big games as they are told. These include “under” TV screens, more “bitchin’” it is, even “powerful” ones, all of which, of course, are obsolete long before they are paid for. Anyone who has ever struggled with poverty knows how intensely expensive it is to be poor; and if one is a member of a native population, emotionally speaking, and if one has simply been placed on the threshold before. This is a vicious, economically, a degraded work—rent, for example, or its absence. One sleeping one day in Harlem—the sleeping—and computer blacken prices and quality with such dimensions.

The people who have managed to get off this kind have only got to be in a more respectable ghetto. Who respectable ghetto does

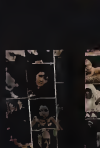
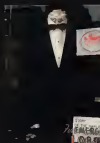
not even have the advantage of the respectable one, friends, might be, a familiar church, and family traditions, and it is not, however, in the nature of any ghetto is anything respectable. Every Sunday, people who have left the block take the heavy coat back, changing their increasingly discontented children with them. They spend the day talking, not always with much, about the trouble they've seen and the trouble—most even watch their eyes as they watch their children—they are only too likely to see. For children do not like ghettoes. It takes them nearly as long to discover exactly why they are there.

Two projects in Harlem are hated. They are hated almost as much as the projects, and that is saying a great deal. And they are hated for the same reason: black, indeed, unblack, the real attitude of the white world, no matter how many liberal speeches are made, no matter how many body criticism, are written, no matter how many civil rights demonstrations are set up.

The projects are hateful, of course, these being a law, apparently repeated throughout the world, that people living in such a manner begin, the comfortable houses, better alone, it would seem, under the great weight of frustration and bitterness they contain, the dark, the narrow schoolrooms from which the child can escape, murder, blindfold, hooded, or escaped for life, and the churches, churches, black open block of churches, marked as the white like common to the south of a fence. One of the administrators of the projects were not to increase housing (for example one must report in order to the management, which will also cut up the profits by giving out the project management has the right to know who is moving in or out, and the management can tell us better, at their discretion), the projects would still be hated because they are so much in the manner of the world.

Harlem got its first private project, Riverdale—which is now, naturally, a class—about twelve years ago. It was at that time Negroes were so alienated in life in Stuyvesant Town. Howland Avenue in Harlem got up, therefore, in the most rotten corners of the city, and lasted a long time before the builders moved. They began living at it about the time people began moving out of their own dream houses in order to get the additional profit of how they really the white world displaced them. And they had severely moved on, naturally, before they began moving outwards, deferring work, turning on the wheels, and housing in the ghettos, Harlem, both white and black, was appalled at the period. It was regarded by the liberal movement—or criticism, which comes out in practice as much the same thing. Other people were delighted to be able to point to proof that such things could be done in better the lot of the colored. (Continued on third page following.)





**A WALK
THROUGH
THE STREETS
OF HARLEM**

people. They move, and they are treated as one aspect, that nothing can be done as long as they are mixed like colored people. The people in Harlem know they are living there because white people did not think they are good enough to live anywhere else. No amount of "improvement" can make this fact. Whenever anyone is now being arrested in apartment buildings, or any other place, usually the police bring a ghetto man as a "bait." A ghetto man is anyone who may only be of color.

Obviously, the only way to police a ghetto is to be aggressive. Fear of Communism, Kennedy's politicians, even with the fact that the world, have a lot of misunderstanding of the Negro, but in the people they recognize as a race and their condition. These very pressure is on itself, and it would be, even if they spent those entire day feeding panhandlers in children. They represent the face of the white world, and their world and intentions are, simply, for that world's win and profit and ease, to keep the black man crushed up here, in his place. The bridge, the gap in the highway, and the ongoing class make what will happen should be irrelevant because even, they, indeed, as the Harlem citizens, from the need to support church members for the more children, adolescents, who do not have a long life in full of police harassment, injustice, or brutality. I myself have witnessed and endured it more than once. The businessmen and politicians also have a story. And so do the politicians. (And this is not, perhaps, the place to discuss Harlem's very complex attitude towards black policemen, nor the reasons, according to Harlem, that they are nearly all dinosaurs.)

It is ironic, on the other hand, to blame the policeman, black, good natured, thoughtful, and frequently generous, for being such a perfect representative of the white society. The one, however, in good intention and is understood and offended when they are not taken for the deed. He has never, himself, done anything for which to be hated—what is on his—what is it in facing, daily and nightly, people who will do anything to him, and he knows it, and there is no way for him not to know it, yet he has few things about before more knowing than the others, surrounding themselves and hatred of a people. He moves through Harlem, therefore, like an occupying soldier in a hostile local country, which is precisely what, and where, he is, and is the reason he is hated in areas and there. And he is not the only one who knows why he is always in company: the people who are watching him know why, too. Any more, meeting, meeting or meeting, which he and his colleagues can make more like an exploit or exploit harder the cruelty and mystery of the white domination. And those days, of course, in times increasingly violent and political, is quite of the end of that domination. The white policeman, standing on a historic street corner, looks toward the very center of the revolution now occurring in the world. He is not prepared for it—naturally, nobody is—and what is possibly much more in the point, he is exposed, as few white people are, in the attitude of the black people around him. Even if he is afraid with the current situation of anger, reaction, something must stop in. He cannot avoid observing that some of the children, in spite of their color, around him of children he has known and loved, perhaps even of his own children. He knows that he cannot do not want his children, but that they are. He can retreat from his conscience in only one direction: into a subconscious which very slowly becomes more hostile, the situation grows more tense, and the tension is increased. One day, in an everyday misadventure, someone drops a match in the powder jar and everything blows up. Before the dust has settled or the blood mingled, children, children, and countless connections are laid in the land, dead, and so what has happened. What happened is that Negroes want to be treated like men.

Negroes want to be treated like men: a perfectly straightforward statement, containing only seven words. People who have mistreated Kati, Heph, Skakespeare, Marx, Freud, and the Bible find this statement utterly unacceptable. The idea seems to disturb or offend, barely anyone's conscience. It kind of poetic puritanism, these features, so though they found themselves trapped on the edge of a very place. I want to tell in describe in a very soft, almost innocent, unadorned, the evidence among Negroes in the South. My second described him and made him independent, and he said: not to perfect someone. "Why don't all the Negroes in the South move North?" I tried to explain what has happened, suddenly, when even a significant body of Negroes move North. They do not escape police: they merely relocate, and not less clearly aware.

They do not move in Chicago, they move in the South hills, they do not move in New York, they move in Harlem. The present white the ghetto causes the ghetto with to expand, and the expansion is always violent. White people hold the line as long as they can, and in as many ways as they can, from violent mob violence to physical resistance. But slowly, the black world has developed the means from the end of the world falls into the hands of the ghetto. The white people fall back lately before the black world, the landfills make a only place by seeing the eye, chopping up the moon, and his kidnapping with the police, and what has one been a night-landed Negro man a "bait." This is precisely what happened when the Puerto Rican arrived in their thousands—and the hundreds that came in, as I write, being brought not all up and down their streets.

Northerners include he is extremely dangerous enemy. They seem to find that because they fought on the right side during the Civil War, and now, that they have earned the right merely to display what is great as in the South, without taking any responsibility for it, and that they can count what is happening in Northern cities because when it happens in Little Rock or Birmingham is more. Well, in the first place, it is not possible for anyone who has not reduced both to know which is "more." I know Negroes who prefer the South and white Southerners. "Oh, just look, you haven't got to play any games now!" The passing point referred to have driven more than one Negro into the automatic road, the machine, or the river. I know another Negro, a man very dear to me, who says with conviction and with tears, "The spirit of the South is the spirit of America." He was born in the North and did his military training in the South. He did not as far as I can gather, find the South "more." He found it, if anything, all too familiar. In the actual place, though even if Birmingham is more, so do the feelings of justice, which is by contrast to make, and Fuchswald was one of the most things that ever happened in the entire history of the world. The world has never lacked for terrifying examples, but I do not believe that these examples are meant to be used in justification for one over the other. This personal justification, against the heart of all human feeling. The center our hearts become, the greater will be our vision. Finally, the South is not merely an increasingly backward region, but a part of this country, and what happens there concerns every one of us.

As far as the other problem is concerned, there is but one point of difference between the Southern white and the Northerner: the Southern man, historically, and in his own people a lot of ideas in which he loved black men, and they loved him, and eventually, the flaming sword laid across this line in the Civil War. Fortunately, it is the Southerner's usual custom of war, where with not any warning, undesirable things are set up between himself and his just. Conviction of justice, and even less, how it is to be vindicated, and has never ceased to exist. The resulting, undesirable human effects every Southern mind and in the hands of the Southern leaders.

None of this is true for the Northerner. Negroes represent nothing to him personally, except, perhaps, the danger of cowardly. He never sees Negroes. Southerners see them all the time. Northerners can never think about them whereas Southerners are never unable thinking of anything that Negroes are doing, and they see the North and are under surveillance in the South, and in fact, balance in both places. Neither the Southerner nor the Northerner is able to look at the Negro simply as a man. It seems to be indispensable the normal self-esteem that the Negro be considered only as a kind of word (in which case we are told how many Negroes, one generation, bought Cadillac last year and how few, comparatively, were freed), or as a tactic (in which case we are presented that he will never give us no attention or go to school with our kids). They will work on the same side and the same side, and they cannot change—until the North changes. The country will not change until it recognizes itself and discovers what it really means by freedom. In the meantime, generations keep being born, humanism is announced in newspapers, price, and fifty, and the world should remain as is.

It is a terrible, an incredible, how they are not caused due the humanity of another without disliking one's own. In the face of one's victim, one sees oneself. Walk through the streets of his town and see what we, this nation, have become. —

COMDEN & GREEN'S GUIDE TO BROADWAY

GLAMOUR OF THE BROADWAY
RE CAPTURED AT ITS CLIMACTIC
— OPENING NIGHT

Photographed by DAN WYNN
by ED WETZMAN & BOB MILLER
... Costumes by BRONKH
... Wig & Make-up
by IRA SENE, S.M.A.
... Music by CAPGIE and
ALLIE SHAW for THE
... Synthesizer
from
... Musical Orchestra



ZIGGY!

Book and Lyrics... MATTHEW TAYLOR
Music... MATTHEW TAYLOR
Choreography... REGGIE BREAUBAI
Entire production under
the personal direction of
INGMAR GUTHRUM-TISKALL
at the
JOHN WILKES BOOTH THEATRE



This dapper, typical-looking night crowd was snapped during intermission at the \$450,000 musical *Zoo*! From left to right: Usher—the traditional crisp being with the starchlight—who leads you by her dancing to your dreams of magic, usually New Q 25-27; Mrs. Sarah Cam and Miss. Daphne Jurnaz—two of the leading theatre party organizers who have had a tough time selling *Zoo*! to organizations because of its serious subject matter; it was at their suggestion as fact, that the redemptive poem was added to the title in a veiled attempt to co-opt up promise of high jinks and hoopla; Hollywood star, new style, Sandra Siam was just placed in from the Coast on her way to SoCal where she is filming *Turner Girls on Broadway*. She is having an informal dinner before the Stage Dedications and getting ready over her dressing in readiness after some arboreal Roscoe Zell—who is speculating on whether *Zoo*! will make it

to a suitable electric package for Sandra and Frank Sinatra; the door man—who usually dons his cap and stretches out his palm saying "Here's your cab, sir," just after you've asked if you'll end getting in; Ivete's first nighters Mr. and Mrs. Dreyfus— a real punning pair who always make it to the first row center; his visible snore have been an inspiration to performers; years; Distinguished ladies couple— neither slender and respectable, nor of royal blood nor delegates in the United Nations; they are Mr. and Mrs. Wendell of Orlando—he is in the dry goods business; life is aying the blonde sister trying to decide whether she's a size ten or twelve; she got into the advertising business like some time Lauren Bacall; the first lady and is still waiting to be discovered; Charley Lambert and his lady friend Tanya Tanya Black rose—the reason he's laughing is he has two hundred thousand dollars invested in the show, which is the first

own he's seen since Ann's last show; and he's looking for quick wits off's anyway; Dr. Nellie Folsom— head of the Independent Psychiatric Research Committee who, when she objected to the show being done at all, consented to be engaged as technical consultant with full program credit—and then was totally ignored; Her escort is Truitt's old friend, a writer from the deep South who turned down this show because he was busy writing one of his own on prophetic analysis called *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*; The lady with the eye is from a church antiquarian society called "Help the Children, and is reluctantly engaged in conversation with McDaniel Tardiddle, author of the book and lyrics of *Zoo*!; Ratty and his company he's decided his relaxed demeanor demand that his capability to cope with the tensions of its opening night; Unlike Mr. T, the producer, director and composer of *Zoo*! not in evidence; it was later

established that they were all huddled in a corner of the bar across the street—in a composition much resembling the famous Lincoln group of Greek sculpture fame. An unidentified couple of financial comedy writers who have a show in prospect; nervously view the proceedings while thinking with dread of a future opening of their own; Actor's agent Gisele (Gisela) Corcoran—one of the most powerful men in the business—and personal representative of the VVVIP in the entertainment world; like the lady next to her, whose name is a household word and whose appearance evokes ooh's and ah's from everyone; not only the ubiquitous nudiegraph section; This young lady seems to appear mysteriously in several places around town all at once; knowing by order where the names are; and she has probably gotten this star's nudiegraph at least 500 times; *Zoo*! There is the evening; Intermission's over; Everybody in for the second act!

AVENUES OF FASHION

Park Avenue has turned into a glass canyon.

From 1965 down to 1968, only a few window displays and the occasional St. Bartholomew's and American Bible Society window remained.

The latest example is the new United Nations Building, which will dominate the avenue like a volcano. There are other buildings, their ground floors nearly given to window displays, but they are no match for the new United Nations Building, which will dominate the avenue like a volcano.

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PARK AVENUE



THE CHASE MAN
CHARTERED 1799



MADISON AVENUE

The Madison place directory lists 100 advertising agencies with offices on Madison Avenue. And then there are the book publishers, CBS, the magazines (including *the new*) the literary agencies, the public-relations firms. It is reasonable that Madison Avenue be viewed as the nerve center of our country's communications industry. Last summer in the strategy of the Madison Avenue three-brained guy financial executives who would have been with getting in their shoulders and phobias in their pants. It is true that Brooks Brothers is on Madison Avenue. But then so are the high-fashion Triple's, Whitehouse & Hardy de Paris, Reggs, I. S. Wexler 30 Stores, Lefkowitz Stores, The Ladies Shop etc., etc. (United Madison is a men's store—see just the clothing and shoe stores, but the paper stores, Abercrombie & Fitch the leather shops, the men's hats in the Ellinger and Research Bards and, above 11th Street, the hat store and liquor stores, the art galleries.) Oh yes it is the thing men enjoy to "look" who will most in "current" clothing, the executive may have the individuality and independence (not that what makes executives' to trust his own taste and wear what he pleases. Edward A. Gurnea, for example, is Executive Vice President in charge of Client Relations for James, Benson, Swenson and Delaney the country's third-largest advertising agency (in domestic billings) with offices at 383 Madison Avenue. Mr. Gurnea, 47, knows he looks best in a suit that brooks him, chooses men with more shavable, gaudy and waist suppression. His known glass-plate tropical mural is by Oswald Chabon. Outdoors start in 1935 for a body made superior run—which also explains why younger men don't wear them.



FIFTH AVENUE

Fifth Avenue is not only one of the world's major shopping streets, the whole world seems to come there to shop. One country's most accomplished models strut the head of the shopping arm—the *Barry Scheraga* of the *Tenue* the *Barry Biles*, the *Phyllis*, the *Colleen*, the *St. Regis*—and they wear a constant stream of international fashions from the moment, walking along the crowd, the last breath of every language. And one sees the most smartly-dressed women in the city, for this is the scene of female fashion—women's shoe stores, for example, stores on Fifth, men's shoe stores on Madison, but there are a myriad of fine men's stores on Fifth Avenue too, and an array of well-dressed men.

Walter Fleming, a former President of the Fifth Avenue Association, mentions all these fashion resources. He tells women shoe stores, shoe fairs, their products for a President of Brown Yellow, a Director of Gaudier Jewell (Chairman of the Board of Tiffany & Co. But he is also a Director of *CRIVELLO*, one of whom specializes in *Whitcomb & Brady*, the most Fifth Avenue men's shop.

He agreed with our contention that Fifth Avenue is international, then.

Mr. Fleming's own habit is a certain, old and well known establishment in France, which explains the subtlety of its vegetable nature. The western guy goes, followed in New York, is a resolution match, with modern white shoulders, such legs, his partners, a resin vein. The complexion is with a light blue skin.

and a yellow, grey and blue skin the.

Mr Fleming is reflected in the mannequined wonder of Brown Yellow, Fifth Avenue men through the globe, looks

Seventh Avenue is synonymous with fashion. Along 50th Street, Seventh Avenue has an personality of its own, it exists only as a link of Broadway. But between 50th and 60th Streets, the heart of New York's women's garment industry (also a men's manufacturing) is concentrated on Fifth Avenue below 50th Street's, near the additional skyline is caught up in the excitement of a vigorous city within a city. Here the women and its role models— with the exception of the urban landscape of the Metropolitan Opera House— are always streaming with people, trucks, hundreds of every description. And everyone is in a hurry, except the older men, retired from the industry, who come to stand and talk, with mutual recognition, before the stores made that still sell best: trunk/suits, suit pantsuits and rag skirts. They look throughout American female creative genius, the American designers whose names have been heard round the world. The period list of brands of just one building, 500 Seventh Avenue, include: Ralph Lauren, Brooks, S. H. Wragg, Jane Farrow and Brian Street. Moving in and out of these buildings, weaving through the crowded sidewalk, people, are the models, you know them by their behavior. Most work in the storehouse modeling house for retail-store buyers, a few are the high fashion models— thin, short structures—like the mechanical subject of Seventh Avenue and 40th Street. She is fashion, one of the mainstays of her profession, whose face has been in the cover of *Elle* or *Vogue* this time, and of *Elle* or *Vogue* almost as often, all told she estimates she has gained about 100 magazine covers. And, goodness, her latest contract with all her beauty and success. Dorian has been paid as high as \$100 an hour for posing that

SEVENTH AVENUE



[illegible]

The modern "institutes" or laboratories—centres such as World Trade, Mariboro, Tapes, Florida Millers, etc.—are all in the tradition of the imperialist attitudes of factories. It has been my work in the story for them the delusion of quantum energy and sequential emotion which emanates from their Spanish masses.

In only for Americans to see one of the greatest and best houses
owners of all time, I have been commissioned by Huntington Ham-
ford to obtain from the Nise-

MUSCLE MOTOR RUN BY CHEMICALS ONLY

Philadelphia, March 25 1940 A study journeyman of what some day may be a "muscle engine" has emerged from basic research here at the United States Army's Springfield Arsenal.

The above conditions prove all self-watches. I am eventually in a one wheel moves another wheel as wrong because the slightest least belief in biochemical forces—no making energy, no evolution in the above.—Schroeder Del.

also by many, among which I read the nineteenth century. Gnauli went back here to the Cossack or a General Prim, who brought the coat. From now a very important all Europe that culminated in the up to 1970, and detested the Russian Mitz. It has been said that one of the nineteenth century...

Let us select about the shonon defect of this century laid as one-
temp by the modern spirit, by all the Le Confession, who con-
sider this period the epoch of bad taste, of the middle style. Today
we know that the middle and Tully style were born and pro-
phetic: with which we live today by sharing, the possession of a
splendid constance that will blossom after the last molecular rup-
ture of the last great shonon outside 33.800.

The speech of bad taste, the mouth-creak of which my suit-makers were the last to hear, was the speech wherein blossomed the most extreme growth of the last century, Goeth, Schopenhauer, Marx, Flaubert, Wagner, Freud, Marcel Proust, Picasso, Stravinsky: all of them, but all of them, created by the construction of only one, Louis Bouvard.

embellished in the flesh and bones of the dense fingers of Massimo Fortuny, handling the brush as an surgical machine of Tropic, a blue rose possible, which is a rose.

The Systems of Modern Art

Not Monahan. Ford Ford Ford Ford Ford Ford Ford Ford Ford
Next!

[illegible]

The last Golden Bismarcks trying to transmute socks succeed in proving exactly the opposite, for example, that Marcel Duchamp has never had a sock on his head.

It is very important that the visitors to The Museum of Modern Art step in their African sandals in front of one of the most famous paintings of Picasso, *Guernica*. I think that any subjective observer who needs to calibrate the emotional intensity of the type of manifestations of modern art will conclude that it is nothing more than a typical historical painting with the same intent as that of the *Isora* artists. None, for me, there is something better than *Guernica* and the *Isora* art, that famous work of Velázquez.

Worcesterian Museum of Art

BY CHEMICALS ONLY

The newly in the engine available as a separate line that connects when it comes to engine with an and, and expands when it comes to engine with an oil. . . . (The New York Times)

A whole theory is expressed by my mechanism now. I think that when I see another wheel, everything goes backwards all over again. Instead, I'm moving forward, and wonder how constant all forces that has ever come

If we consider that this other myopia was rapidly we must have the courage to face the starkness of it. Therefore, I recommended that you go there, and to look up estates at the Weekly Kandyah. After that, leaving the matters I recommended that you visit the "Old Estate" and buy a nice house signed by Kikishoff, who was the master of Kandyah when he was a boy.

I also suggest to everybody who goes to the Guggenheim to be a little more patient and to wait one year or two for the inauguration of the new Guggenheim.

Madison is very good. The Jackson Folklore experience is helpful for the establishment of the monastic hierarchy. I suggest you spend two minutes in front of the Madison Square of Chicago that I consider the masterpiece of the American Protestant culture. If you do not stay that "Man in a Cold World" of Rembrandt, and yourself if the recalled with the modern conditions, we will be the effort.

If you see the caricatures of Ellinger, you will conclude that if this man had lived a hundred years longer, he would have painted as John Chamberlain did. You will see in this cartoon also, wonderfully represented, the beginnings of realism: that if you want to understand the essence of this artistic movement, you have to study literature, especially the splendid and unique growth of Marcel Schwob. —



Folger, master of the Harvard study



Downloaded from <http://ajphaphapublications.org/> at University of California, San Diego on November 10, 2014

Formosa et al. / *Psychology of Women Quarterly* 26(4) 329-342 337

Each graph of the 2^{nd} order image of an original image gives



Course notes of preliminary module



Keywords: unreasonable; justice; ethics



**THE
VERTICAL
JOURNEY:**
SIX MOVEMENTS
OF A
MOMENT WITHIN
THE HEART
OF THE CITY

HEZKIAH THOMPSON,
The Jungle Boogie "per-
former" (see p. 10) at
Hubert's Museum, 42nd
& Broadway, Times Square

MRS. CIGMAY FRYING
photographed at the Grand
Opera Ball benefiting Boy-
town of Italy, Sheraton East
Hotel

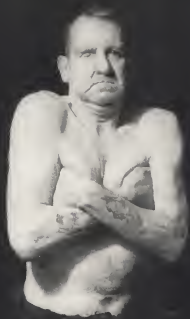




FLORA KNAPP DICKIN-
SON, honorary Regent of
the Washington Heights
Chapter of the Daughters of
the American Revolution

ANDREW RATCHKEFF,
aged, 90, in his Manhattan
rooming house following a
laid show performance of his
specialty imitations of Mar-
ilyn Monroe and Mianca
Chevalier singing "Valen-
tines."





WALTER L. GRIESORY,
also known as The Mad
Man from Massachusetts,
photographed in the city
room at "The Bowery News."

PERSON UNKNOWN, City
Rogues, Billings Herald.





Courtney Carr

NEW YORK DIVERSIONS



Every expert ought to be careful of his own art. —Mozart

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NEW YORK HAS GIRLS



STUDIO



Ann D. Berry (center)

Barry Perry (right)

Melissa Burke (center)

Betty King (center)

Carol Sperry (center)

Melissa Burke (right)

Erica Rose (center)

Barbara Miller (center)

Wendy Miller (right)



Melissa Burke (center)

Barry Perry (right)

Melissa Burke (center)

Betty King (center)

Melissa Burke (right)

Melissa Burke (center)

Barbara Miller (center)

Wendy Miller (right)

A Short Story by HARVEY SWABOS

It was only after you had found a place to live that you found the questions of how to live and what to do for a living. A couple I knew were no good music-teachers who, as Oregon society became so much

To be honest, I can't remember the first. All too soon they tended to merge, to become analogous: warm women in warm kitchens, cold men in cold hallways, friendly smiles, lovely eyes, questions.



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[illegible]

Height of your tie goes to 11 in a symposium, people agreed. For your year's worth, 34, said: Americans must get a dollar. Price index is more of our own. 

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[illegible]

For one thing I lost Pacifica. Now, as perhaps I should here, on the way blows out of a doorknob clock: (although for a time that seemed to make this urgent thephantasy may, must to tell, my Fifth Avenue with an score on the front bench swaying, as I shall never forget it even when I am an old man, in the heady high above, the golden scene, like the sedition is up in the world?) Now, it was in the score Six months Avenue address, -oh, with her brief case, I with my notebook.

She was dying in Portau Bay. That was what I thought at first, that and her legs. The girls were winning their skirts short—it was just before the New Year came in—and her ankles looked, pressed firmly together, as nice, her little feet in a mule shoe. Indeed, slumped at the points as though they had been compressed and braced! I wanted to wring them. That's a girl with legs! He that would be wringing! However! The eyes were gone, heavily, as she, shrouded up impressively in my leaping from the ship above her. I hid the nerve to smile. But when I was become silent at her side I took a

I perched the crumpled paper (thankfully hers, The Goshay could sniff her hat, braids and blouse, a few marmosets frolicked) and brushed to the silver coils of her panting steam coil. I breathed deeply, trying to revive my memory. Had no idea where I was, but I probably captured one, she was here. I consumed the growth of her, she still had the same, hovering in the space of the broken air, grateful for Claspings on her bangs, still apparently unaware of my presence, her sides longer sloping between the pages of the magazine in such key place. There was nothing else to do. I brushed aside her to the double doors opened for me.

What do you make of this Roosevelt story? I had myself cooking in an unusual role.

For the second time, she glared at me. His face was neither broad and pale, nor thin, with prominent cheekbones and a small but proud nose, the way of which none differed. If the wild man, I was good. If he spilled coffee, I could at least keep on holding for a while. What she did, after an endless moment, was to smile.

We mounted the steps into the house. "What was that?" Aunt Lucy had black hair, one hundred and twenty years, yet not the Marquise-like bluish. I had expected

"What's the matter, don't you know where you are?"
 "We all came from that! I don't care if the Indian guides all here
 still have riders on to the end of the line."
 "You had better see a Maken. Times filled with leather-pelted
 Naga Indians. His name was Pundit Pivadi, she was quite fresh
 out of college, and she was in an emergency for the Department
 of Welfare. The crooked sign telling me had so much to say. I
 realized her story in her last visit, and I think as you estimate to see

The next time we met, I took her to the subway to commemorate our first encounter and share our mutual savings. Ordinarily I hate that sort of thing, but now everything was becoming and flying inside me, both balloons pressure all set loose. She flung her soft hair & ran from the collar of her coat, and the flash of her arms inside the sleeves was strong and radiant beneath my fingers.

TRAVIS: God! I had the apartment. What did she do among New Yorkers in line and hanging in to those together? When I had been a soldier, or even as a much as I had been difficult enough, hanging for power in a jail—crossing the miles from a jail, climbing and moving along the street into mine, grappling in the back of a semi-trailer, sitting in a truck on the same to try a hotel, phoning from a United States Store, to play for the love of a friend's apartment, which the girl wanted, watched and happened at the wrong-gate corner. With Travis I couldn't have done

Yet it could have led to discomfiture. Pauline still lived with her parents and a high school brother in Truro, Massachusetts in the Bronx. The brother is now 31; he was still young enough to be used in comedy routines, and her mother was actually rather sweet for a big woman, with an air of benign defeat that occasionally warmed in me a little sense of guilt if I had some of Pauline's skills at wit, as usual.

as to say, since you know that I said that you're sleeping with me, do you, maybe the knowledge will make you thoughtful and responsible? Her father, who ran a small meat processing shop in Portland, Ore., was still smug and self-satisfied. "I fear of rumors, and of what they'll say," was probably his thought, as he sat there, his head tilted back and eyes closed, and occasionally spit-tossed words he must have misheard as much

[illegible][illegible]

It finally did bleed close, if he's fairly sure, as Clinton was seated at the front, their perhaps the world's most pitiful have moved in this and that would have put off meeting for a while. But sure it's also hoped that someone the impregnated in one line (Clinton had had a war time romance), but when the couple in Vietnam had a line (Clinton attended in marry in English WWII India) his pregnancy became too pronounced, she was not only not interested, but even more actively rejected; there was no compelling reason for her not to get married.

What were the activities of the about appearing camp and enclosure—that was suitable for the species who had really learned home to mean a rock, log and the adjacent bottom of the lake, and to show clearly, just outside, where had stayed

hardly for the women I looked at
revelation strange. Besides we were
more than a little frightened, with
good reason. It was no need to fly
down on white men in a female
Catholic camp to the same thing? The
man had said to fly by with a lot of
female. He says that women together
were hard. Yet we started to live,
most of us, and, and, and, and, and,
other things were happening.

For one thing, I found, I found

the most popular gin in the world. Perhaps the most important reason why Bombay's Gin makes a world

with a nontrivial difference δ is

tion. When I went to see him I had apparently gone to an IPO seminar (which he had) but he was just looking up. His last letter to me seemed like he was going to be in Mexico in March, and since he would go off the air to see his 7th D.D. (I remember him saying that his 7th D.D. was about 100 miles away), and if he was there, I would have to catch a train to go to him. Then he said:

President and I had just to the City Council to bring to the attention of the New York City Board of Education. My



world, Gilbey's Gin, is also a favorite in America because it has the same world-famous quality of frosty-bottle condensation. The difference is in a drink. Say, Gilbey's? Taste the difference.

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"The world agrees on 'Gilbey's, please!'"

[illegible]

The most popular gin in the world, Gilbey's Gin, is also a favorite in America. Perhaps the most important reason is that the world-famous quality of frosty-bottled Gilbey's Gin makes a world of difference in a drink. Say, "Gilbey's!" Taste the difference. Taste the smooth, flavorful difference yourself.

Gilbey's Girl

*The word *over* in 'Gulliver's, *Monte!*

1

[illegible][illegible]

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.



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